THE

JEALOUS WIFE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

This comedy, by Colman the elder, was written in his youth; and, though he brought upon the stage no less than twenty-five dramas, including those he altered from Shakspeare and other writers, subsequent to this production, yet not one of them was ever so well received by the town, or appears to have deserved so well, as "The Jealous Wife."

To this observation, "The Clandestine Marriage" may possibly be an exception; but, in that work, Mr. Garrick was declared his joint labourer. It therefore appears, that Mr. Colman's talents for dramatic writing declined, rather than improved, by experience—or, at least, his ardour abated; and all works of imagination require, both in conception and execution, a degree of enthusiasm.

The reader of this comedy will perceive, that its fable is taken from Fielding's celebrated novel of "Tom Jones;" commencing at the period, when Sophia takes refuge in Lady Bellaston's house. But those characters, which, in the novel, constitute the

great interest of the book, are, in the comedy, made subservient to persons of more theatrical consequence; and Western, his daughter, and Tom Jones himself, (in the parts of Russet, Harriet, and Charles Oakly) give place to their dramatic superiors, Mr. Mrs. and Major Oakly.

Though Mr. Colman has here made the creatures of his own fancy transcend those formed by the great novelist; yet, had Fielding dramatised his own romance, it is almost certain he would not have done those very characters the honour paid to them in "The Jealous Wife."

With all his genius as a writer, Fielding was always unsuccessful in writing for the stage. Those of his dramas, which survived the perils of the first night, generally expired in the course of a week; and they would now be wholly forgotten, but for the importance of the author's name.

Besides his acknowledgment to the author of "Tom Jones," Mr. Colman confessed himself obliged, for some incidents in this play, or ideas that formed them, to "The Spectator," "Connoisseur," and "The Adelphi" of Terence.

He says also, in his advertisement prefixed to the original publication,—"It would be unjust to omit mentioning my obligations to Mr. Garrick."

He proceeds to state, that Garrick, to whom he submitted the play for inspection in its first "rude state," gave him advice in many particulars, as to its fable and characters. From this simple admis-

sion, perhaps, the suggestion came, however erroneous, that Garrick wrote, or conceived, the part of Major Oakly. But the very scrupulous delicacy with which the author has owned his various and minute aids, is a convincing argument that he received no other assistance than that which he has mentioned.

Thus candidly, in the following lines of an excellent prologue, written by the poet Lloyd, and spoken by Garrick, Mr. Colman shows not the least inclination to take applause to himself, without having fairly earned it:

" Books he [*the author*] has read, nor blush'd to
    use their store——
" He does but what his betters did before.
" Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
" Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

" If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
" And borrowing little, much appears his own—"

This supposition was, in proof, a fact—and that *much* which belonged to himself, was by far the highest entertainment of the evening. Mrs. Oakly is, indeed, so complete a character from life, and so ably adapted to the stage by the genius of the writer, that, performed by an actress possessed of proper abilities for the part, the play might be well supported, were the wit, humour, and repartee, of every other character in the piece, annihilated.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
OAKLY	*Mr. Wroughton.*	*Mr. Murray.*
MAJOR OAKLY	*Mr. Palmer.*	*Mr. Waddy.*
CHARLES	*Mr. Bartley.*	*Mr. Brunton.*
RUSSET	*Mr. Dowton.*	*Mr. Munden.*
SIR HARRY BEAGLE	*Mr. Bannister.*	*Mr. Fawcett.*
CAPTAIN O'CUTTER	*Mr. Johnstone.*	*Mr. Rock.*
LORD TRINKET	*Mr. De Camp.*	*Mr. Farley.*
PARIS	*Mr. Wewitzer.*	*Mr. Klanert.*
WILLIAM	*Mr. Fisher.*	*Mr. Wilde.*
JOHN	*Mr. Muddocks.*	*Mr. Abbot.*
TOM	*Mr. Purser.*	*Mr. Atkins.*
SERVANT	*Mr. Webb.*	*Mr. Curties.*
MRS. OAKLY	*Miss Duncan.*	*Mrs. Glover.*
LADY FREELOVE	*Mrs. Sparks.*	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
HARRIET	*Miss Mellon.*	*Mrs. H. Siddons.*
TOILET	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Leserve.*
CHAMBERMAID	*Mrs. Saunders.*	*Mrs. Watts.*

SCENE—London.

THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room in OAKLY'S *House.*

Noise heard within.

Mrs. Oak. [*Within.*] Don't tell me—I know it is so—It's monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. [*Within.*] But, my dear!——

Mrs. Oak. Nay, nay, &c. [*Squabbling within.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY, *with a Letter*, OAKLY *following.*

Mrs. Oak. Say what you will, Mr. Oakly, you shall never persuade me, but this is some filthy intrigue of yours.

Oak. I can assure you, my love——

Mrs. Oak. Your love!—Don't I know your—Tell me, I say, this instant, every circumstance relating to this letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs. Oak. Look you, Mr. Oakly, this usage is not to be borne. You take a pleasure in abusing my ten... soft disposition.—To be perpetually ... the whole town, nay, the whole king... ursuit of your amours!—Did not I dis-

cover, that you was great with mademoiselle, my own woman?—Did not you contract a shameful familiarity with Mrs. Freeman?—Did not I detect your intrigue with Lady Wealthy?—Was not you——

Oak. Oons! madam, the Grand Turk himself has not half so many mistresses—You throw me out of all patience—Do I know any body but our common friends?—Am I visited by any body, that does not visit you?—Do I ever go out, unless you go with me?—And am I not as constantly by your side, as if I was tied to your apron-strings?

Mrs. Oak. Go, go, you are a false man—Have not I found you out a thousand times? And have not I this moment a letter in my hand, which convinces me of your baseness?——Let me know the whole affair, or I will——

Oak. Let you know? Let me know what you would have of me——You stop my letter before it comes to my hands, and then expect that I should know the contents of it!

Mrs. Oak. Heaven be praised, I stopped it!—I suspected some of these doings for some time past—But the letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. Oh, you base man, you!

Oak. I beg, my dear, that you would moderate your passion!—Show me the letter, and I'll convince you of my innocence.

Mrs. Oak. Innocence!—Abominable!—Innocence! But I am not to be made such a fool—I am convinced of your perfidy, and very sure that——

Oak. 'Sdeath and fire! your passion hurries you out of your senses——Will you hear me?

Mrs. Oak. No, you are a base man: and I will not hear you.

Oak. Why then, my dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to reas[illegible]e, I shall take my leave till you are in a [illegible]our So, your servant!

Mrs. Oak. Ay, go, you cruel man!——Go to your mistresses, and leave your poor wife to her miseries. ——How unfortunate a woman am I!—I could die with vexation—— [*Throwing herself into a Chair.*

Oak. There it is—Now dare not I stir a step further—If I offer to go, she is in one of her fits in an instant—Never sure was woman at once of so violent and so delicate a constitution! What shall I say to sooth her! Nay, never make thyself so uneasy, my dear—Come, come, you know I love you.

Mrs. Oak. I know you hate me; and that your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me. [*Whining.*

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this rate—I love you most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some mistake.

Mrs. Oak. O, I am an unhappy woman! [*Weeping.*

Oak. Dry up thy tears, my love, and be comforted! You will find that I am not to blame in this matter —Come, let me see this letter——Nay, you shall not deny me. [*Taking the Letter.*

Mrs. Oak. There! take it, you know the hand, I am sure.

Oak. [Reading.] *To Charles Oakly, Esq.*—Hand! 'Tis a clerk-like hand, a good round text! and was certainly never penned by a fair lady.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my love, I did not mean to laugh at thee——But what says the letter!——[*Reading.*] *Daughter eloped—you must be privy to it—scandalous —dishonourable—satisfaction—revenge*—um, um, um ——*injured father,*

HENRY RUSSET.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] Well, sir—you see I have detected you——Tell me this instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so —so——This hurts me—I'm shocked— [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. What, are you confounded with your guilt! Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O that wicked Charles! To decoy a young lady from her parents in the country! The profligacy of the young fellows of this age is abominable. [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. [*Half aside, and musing.*] Charles!—Let me see!——Charles!—No! Impossible. This is all a trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor lady. [*To himself.*

Mrs. O. Art! art! all art! There's a sudden turn now! You have ready wit for an intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned action! I wish I had never had the care of him. [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly! Go on, sir, go on! I see what you mean.——Your assurance provokes me beyond your very falsehood itself. So you imagine, sir that this affected concern, this flimsy pretence about Charles, is to bring you off. Matchless confidence! But I am armed against every thing ——I am prepared for all your dark schemes: I am aware of all your low stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any thing so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous—— For Heaven's sake, my dear, don't distract me. When you see my mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young fellow, whom his dying father, my own brother, committed to my care, should be guilty of such enormous wickedness; I say, when you are witness of my distress on this occasion, how can you be weak enough and cruel enough to——

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously well, sir! You do it very well. Nay, keep it up, carry it on, there's nothing like going through with it. O you artful creature! But, sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied. I do not

believe a syllable of all this——Give me the letter—[*Snatching the Letter.*]——You shall sorely repent this vile business, for I am resolved that I will know the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Oak. This is beyond all patience. Provoking woman! Her absurd suspicions interpret every thing the wrong way. But this ungracious boy! In how many troubles will he involve his own and his lady's family!——I never imagined that he was of such abandoned principles.

Enter MAJOR OAKLY *and* CHARLES.

Charles. Good-morrow, sir!

Maj. Good-morrow, brother, good-morrow!——What! you have been at the old work, I find. I heard you—ding! dong! i'faith!—She has rung a noble peal in your ears. But how now? Why sure you've had a remarkable warm bout on't.——You seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am, indeed, brother! Thanks to that young gentleman there. Have a care, Charles! you may be called to a severe account for this. The honour of a family, sir, is no such light matter.

Charles. Sir!

Maj. Hey day! What, has a curtain lecture produced a lecture of morality? What is all this!

Oak. To a profligate mind, perhaps, these things may appear agreeable in the beginning. But don't you tremble at the consequences?

Charles. I see, sir, that you are displeased with me, but I am quite at a loss to guess at the occasion.

Oak. Tell me, sir!—where is Miss Harriet Russet?

Charles. Miss Harriet Russet!—Sir—Explain.

Oak. Have not you decoyed her from her father?

Charles. I!—Decoyed her—Decoyed my Harriet!——I would sooner die, than do her the least injury——What can this mean?

Maj. I believe the young dog has been at her, after all.

Oak. I was in hopes, Charles, you had better principles. But there's a letter just come from her father——

Charles. A letter!—What letter? Dear sir, give it me. Some intelligence of my Harriet, Major!—— The letter, sir, the letter this moment, for Heaven's sake!

Oak. If this warmth, Charles, tends to prove your innocence——

Charles. Dear sir, excuse me——I'll prove any thing—Let me but see this letter, and I'll——

Oak. Let you see it?——I could hardly get a sight of it myself. Mrs. Oakly has it.

Charles. Has she got it? Major, I'll be with you again directly. [*Exit hastily.*

Maj. Hey day! The devil's in the boy! What a fiery set of people! By my troth, I think the whole family is made of nothing but combustibles.

Oak. I like this emotion. It looks well. It may serve too to convince my wife of the folly of her suspicions. Would to Heaven I could quiet them for ever!

Maj. Why, pray now, my dear, naughty brother, what heinous offence have you committed this morning? What new cause of suspicion? You have been asking one of the maids to mend your ruffle, I suppose, or have been hanging your head out of window, when a pretty young woman has passed by, or——

Oak. How can you trifle with my distresses, Major? Did not I tell you, it was about a letter?

Maj. A letter!—hum—A suspicious circumstance, to be sure! What, and the seal a true-lover's knot now, hey! or a heart transfixed with darts; or possibly the wax bore the industrious impression of a thimble; or perhaps the folds were lovingly connected by a wafer, pricked with a pin, and the direction

written in a vile scrawl, and not a word spelt as it should be! ha! ha! ha!

Oak. Pooh! brother——Whatever it was, the letter, you find, was for Charles, not for me——this outrageous jealousy is the devil.

Maj. Mere matrimonial blessings and domestic comfort, brother! jealousy is a certain sign of love.

Oak. Love! it is this very love that hath made us both so miserable. Her love for me has confined me to my house, like a state prisoner, without the liberty of seeing my friends, or the use of pen, ink, and paper; while my love for her has made such a fool of me, that I have never had the spirit to contradict her.

Maj. Ay, ay, there you've hit it; Mrs. Oakly would make an excellent wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare fellow, indeed, to talk of managing a wife——A debauched bachelor——a rattle-brained, rioting fellow——who have picked up your common-place notions of women in bagnios, taverns, and the camp; whose most refined commerce with the sex has been in order to delude country girls at your quarters, or to besiege the virtue of abigails, milliners, or mantua-makers' 'prentices.

Maj. So much the better!—so much the better! women are all alike in the main, brother, high or low, married or single, quality or no quality. I have found them so, from a duchess down to a milk-maid; every woman is a tyrant at the bottom. But they could never make a fool of me.—No, no! no woman should ever domineer over me, let her be mistress or wife.

Oak. Single men can be no judges in these cases. They must happen in all families. But when things are driven to extremities—to see a woman in uneasiness—a woman one loves too—one's wife—who can w[illegible]and it? You neither speak nor think like a man that has loved, and been married, Major!

Maj. I wish I could hear a married man speak my language——I'm a bachelor, it's true; but I am no bad judge of your case for all that. I know yours and Mrs. Oakly's disposition to a hair. She is all impetuosity and fire—A very magazine of touchwood and gunpowder. You are hot enough too, upon occasion, but then it's over in an instant. In comes love and conjugal affection, as you call it; that is, mere folly and weakness—and you draw off your forces, just when you should pursue the attack, and follow your advantage. Have at her with spirit, and the day's your own, brother.

Oak. Why, what would you have me do?

Maj. Do as you please for one month, whether she likes it or not: and I'll answer for it she will consent you shall do as you please all her life after. In short, do but show yourself a man of spirit, leave off whining about love and tenderness, and nonsense, and the business is done, brother.

Oak. I believe you are in the right, Major! I see you are in the right. I'll do it—I'll certainly do it. —But then it hurts me to the soul, to think what uneasiness I shall give her. The first opening of my design will throw her into fits, and the pursuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj. Fits! ha! ha! ha!—I'll engage to cure her of her fits. Nobody understands hysterical cases better than I do; besides, my sister's symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a fit when you was not by?—Was she ever found in convulsions in her closet?——No, no, these fits, the more care you take of them, the more you will increase the distemper: let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True, very true—you are certainly in the right. —I'll follow your advice. Where do you dine to-day? —I'll order the coach, and go with you.

Maj. O brave! keep up this spirit, and you are made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, Major! Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

Order the coach directly. I shall dine out to-day.

Serv. The coach, sir!——Now, sir?

Oak. Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now, sir!——the—the—coach, sir!——that is——my mistress——

Maj. Sirrah! do as you are bid. Bid them put to this instant.

Serv. Ye——yes, sir——yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Oak. Well, where shall we dine?

Maj. At the St. Albans, or where you will. This is excellent, if you do but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own way, I am determined.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. I am steel.

Maj. Bravo!

Oak. Adamant.

Maj. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

Maj. Why that's well said. But, will you do it?

Oak. I will.

Maj. You won't.

Oak. I will. I'll be a fool to her no longer. But, harkye, Major; my hat and cane lie in my study. I'll go and steal them out, while she is busy talking with Charles.

Maj. Steal them! for shame! Pr'ythee take them boldly; call for them, make them bring them to you here; and go out with spirit, in the face of your whole family.

Oak. No, no,—you are wrong—let her rave after I

am gone, and when I return you know, I shall exert myself with more propriety, after this open affront to her authority.

Maj. Well, take your own way.

Oak. Ay, ay—let me manage it, let me manage it. [*Exit.*

Maj. Manage it! ay, to be sure, you are a rare manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between man and wife. I am no great favourite of Mrs. Oakly's already: and in a week's time I expect to have the door shut in my teeth.

Enter CHARLES.

How now, Charles, what news?

Charles. Ruined and undone! She's gone, uncle! my Harriet's lost for ever.

Maj. Gone off with a man?—I thought so: they are all alike.

Charles. O no! Fled to avoid that hateful match with Sir Harry Beagle.

Maj. 'Faith, a girl of spirit, but whence comes all this inteligence?

Charles. In an angry letter from her father——How miserable I am! If I had not offended my Harriet, much offended her, by that foolish riot and drinking at your house in the country, she would certainly, at such a time, have taken refuge in my arms.

Maj. A very agreeable refuge for a young lady to be sure, and extremely decent!

Charles. What a heap of extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. Extravagancies with a witness! Ah, you silly young dog, you would ruin yourself with her father, in spite of all I could do. There you sat, as drunk as a lord, telling the old gentleman the whole affair, and swearing you would drive Sir Harry Beagle out

of the country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the sleeve, and kicking your shins under the table, in hopes of stopping you; but all to no purpose.

Charles. What distress may she be in at this instant! Alone and defenceless!——Where! Where can she be?

Maj. What relations or friends has she in town?

Charles. Relations! let me see.—'Faith, I have it!—If she is in town, ten to one but she is at her aunt's, Lady Freelove's. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. Lady Freelove's! Hold, hold, Charles!——do you know her ladyship?

Charles. Not much; but I'll break through all, to get to my Harriet.

Maj. I do know her ladyship.

Charles. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O nothing!——Her ladyship is a woman of the world, that's all——

Charles. What do you mean?

Maj. That Lady Freelove is an arrant——By the bye, did not she, last summer, make formal proposals to Harriet's father from Lord Trinket?

Charles. Yes; but they were received with the utmost contempt. The old gentleman, it seems, hates a lord, and he told her so in plain terms.

Maj. Such an aversion to the nobility may not run in the blood. The girl, I warrant you, has no objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, Charles. Lady Freelove is as mischievous as a monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a care of her, I say have a care of her.

Charles. If she's there, I'll have her out of the house within this half hour, or set fire to it.

Maj. Nay, now you are too violent——stay a moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. Come, is the coach ready? let us begone. Does Charles go with us?

Charles. I go with you!——What can I do? I am so vexed and distracted, and so many thoughts crowd in upon me, I don't know which way to turn myself.

Mrs. Oak. [*Within.*] The coach!—dines out!—where is your master?

Oak. Zounds, brother! here she is!

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. Pray, Mr. Oakly, what is the matter you cannot dine at home to-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my dear!—I have a little business to settle with my brother; so I am only just going to dinner with him and Charles, to the tavern.

Mrs. Oak. Why cannot you settle your business here, as well as at a tavern? but it is some of your ladies' business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my company.——This is chiefly your fault, Major Oakly!

Maj. Lord, sister, what signifies it, whether a man dines at home or abroad? [*Coolly.*

Mrs. Oak. It signifies a great deal, sir! and I don't chuse——

Maj. Phoo! let him go, my dear sister, let him go! he will be ten times better company when he comes back. I tell you what, sister—you sit at home, till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow cross, and fall out. If you would but part a little now and then, you might meet again in good humour.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major Oakly, that you would trouble yourself about your own affairs, and let me tell you, sir, that I——

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a passion with the Major, my dear!—It is not his fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. Oak. Come back!—why need you go out?—I know well enough when you mean to deceive me; for then there is always a pretence of dining with Sir John, or my lord, or somebody; but when you tell me, that you are going to a tavern, it's such a bare-faced affront—

Oak. This is so strange now!—Why, my dear, shall only just——

Mrs. Oak. Only just go after the lady in the letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then.—Will that convince you? I'll stay with you, my dear!——will that satisfy you?

Maj. For shame! hold out, if you are a man. [*Apart.*

Oak. She has been so much vexed this morning already, I must humour her a little now. [*Apart.*

Maj. Fie! Fie! go out, or you are undone. [*Apart.*

Oak. You see it's impossible. [*Apart to* MRS. OAKLY.] I'll dine at home with thee, my love.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, ay, pray do, sir.—Dine at a tavern, indeed! [*Going.*

Oak. [*Returning.*] You may depend on me another time, Major.

Maj. Steel and adamant!——Ah!

Mrs. Oak. [*Returning.*] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O, my dear! [*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. OAKLY.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! there's a picture of resolution! there goes a philosopher for you! ha! Charles!

Charles. O, uncle! I have no spirits to laugh now.

Maj. So! I have a fine time on't between you

and my brother. Will you meet me to dinner at the St. Albans by four? We'll drink her health, and think of this affair.

Charles. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the town, in pursuit of my Harriet; at all events I'll go directly to Lady Freelove's. If I find her not there, which way I shall direct myself, Heaven knows.

Maj. Harkye, Charles! If you meet with her, you may be at a loss. Bring her to my house: I have a snug room, and—

Charles. Phoo! pr'ythee, uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. Well, seriously then, my house is at your service.

Charles. I thank you; but I must be gone.

Maj. Ay, ay, bring her to my house, and we'll settle the whole affair for you. You shall clap her into a post chaise, take the chaplain of our regiment along with you, wheel her down to Scotland, and when you come back, send to settle her fortune with her father; that's the modern art of making love, Charles! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE *and* TOM.

Sir H. Ten guineas a mare, and a crown the man? hey, Tom!

Tom. Yes, your honour.

Sir H. And are you sure, Tom, that there is no flaw in his blood?

Tom. He's a good thing, sir, and as little beholden to the ground, as any horse that ever went over the turf upon four legs. Why, here's his whole pedigree, your honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested; it is signed by Jack Spur and my Lord Startal. [*Giving the Pedigree.*

Sir H. Let me see.—[Reading.] *Tom come tickle me was out of the famous Tantwivy mare, by Sir Aaron Driver's chesnut horse, White Stockings. White Stockings, his dam, was got by Lord Hedge's South Barb, full sister to the Proserpine Filley, and his sire Tom Jones; his grandam was the Irish Duchess, and his grandsire 'Squire Sportley's Trajan; his great, and great great grandam, were Newmarket Peggy and Black Moll, and his great grandsire, and great great grandsire, were Sir Ralph Whip's Regulus, and the famous Prince Anamaboo.*

his
JOHN X SPUR,
mark.
STARTAL.

Tom. All fine horses, and won every thing! a foal out of your honour's Bald-faced Venus, by this horse, would beat the world.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.——But, pox on't, Tom, I have certainly knocked up my little roan gelding, in this damn'd wild-goose chase of threescore miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown, to be sure, your honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong scent after all. Madam Harriet certainly took across the country, instead of coming on to London.

Sir H. No, no, we traced her all the way up.—But d'ye hear, Tom, look out among the stables and repositories here in town, for a smart road nag, and a strong horse to carry a portmanteau.

Tom. Sir Roger Turf's horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight thing there——but I suppose, sir, you would have one somewhat stronger than Snip ——I don't think he's quite enough of a horse for your honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a horse! Snip's a powerful gelding; master of two stone more than my weight. If Snip stands sound, I would not take a hundred guineas for him. Poor Snip! go into the stable, Tom, see they give him a warm mash, and look at his heels and his eyes.—But where's Mr. Russet all this while?

Tom. I left the 'squire at breakfast on a cold pigeon-pye, and inquiring after madam Harriet, in the kitchen. I'll let him know your honour would be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do: but, harkye, Tom, be sure you take care of Snip.

Tom. I'll warrant your honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the stables myself by and by. [*Exit* TOM.] Let me see——out of the famous Tantwivy by White Stockings; White Stockings his dam, full sister to the Proserpine Filly, and his sire —pox on't, how unlucky it is, that this damned accident should happen in the Newmarket week!——ten to one I lose my match with Lord Chokejade, by not riding myself, and I shall have no opportunity to hedge my bets neither——what a damned piece of work have I made on't—I have knocked up poor Snip, shall lose my match, and as to Harriet, why, the odds are, that I lose my match there too——a skittish young tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it.——Her estate joined to my own, I would have the finest stud, and the noblest kennel in the whole country.——But here comes her father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded horse up hill.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Well, Sir Harry, have you heard any thing of her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking Tom about her, and he says, you may have her for five hundred guineas.

Rus. Five hundred guineas! how d'ye mean? where is she? which way did she take?

Sir H. Why, first she went to Epsom, then to Lincoln, then to Nottingham, and now she is at York.

Rus. Impossible! she could not go over half the ground in the time. What the devil are you talking of?

Sir H. Of the mare you was just now saying you wanted to buy.

Rus. The devil take the mare!——who would think of her, when I am mad about an affair of so much more consequence?

Sir H. You seemed mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine mare, and a thing of shape and blood.

Rus. Damn her blood!——Harriet! my dear, provoking Harriet! Where can she be? Have you got any intelligence of her?

Sir H. No, 'faith, not I: we seem to be quite thrown out here—but, however, I have ordered Tom to try if he can hear any thing of her among the ostlers.

Rus. Why don't you inquire after her yourself? why don't you run up and down the whole town af-ter her?——t'other young rascal knows where she is, warrant you.——What a plague it is to have a ter! When one loves her to distraction, and has nd laboured to make her happy, the ungrate-'ll sooner go to hell her own way—but she im—I will make her happy, if I break

her heart for it.—A provoking gipsey!—to run away, and torment her poor father, that dotes on her! I'll never see her face again.—Sir Harry, how can we get any intelligence of her? Why don't you speak! why don't you tell me?——Zounds! you seem as indifferent as if you did not care a farthing about her.

Sir H. Indifferent! you may well call me indifferent!——this damned chase after her will cost me a thousand——if it had not been for her, I would not have been off the course this week, to have saved the lives of my whole family——I'll hold you six to two that——

Rus. Zounds! hold your tongue, or talk more to the purpose——I swear, she is too good for you—you don't deserve such a wife—a fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming girl!—She'll break my heart.—How shall I find her out?——Do, pr'ythee, Sir Harry, my dear, honest friend, consider how we may discover where she is fled to.

Sir H. Suppose you put an advertisement into the newspapers, describing her marks, her age, her height, and where she strayed from. I recovered a bay mare once by that method.

Rus. Advertise her!—What! describe my daughter, and expose her, in the public papers, with a reward for bringing her home, like horses stolen or strayed!——recovered a bay mare!——the devil's in the fellow!——he thinks of nothing but racers, and bay mares, and stallions.——'Sdeath I wish your——

Sir H. I wish Harriet was fairly pounded; it would save us both a deal of trouble.

Rus. Which way shall I turn myself?——I am half distracted.——If I go to that young dog's hous[e] he has certainly conveyed her somewhere out [of] reach—if she does not send to me to-day, I'll [give her] up for ever——perhaps though, she may [have met] with some accident, and has nobody to

No, she is certainly with that young rascal.—I wish she was dead, and I was dead——I'll blow young Oakly's brains out.

Enter TOM.

Sir H. Well, Tom, how is poor Snip?

Tom. A little better, sir, after his warm mash: but Lady, the pointing bitch that followed you all the way, is deadly foot-sore.

Rus. Damn Snip and Lady!—have you heard any thing of Harriet?

Tom. Why, I came on purpose to let my master and your honour know, that John Ostler says as how, just such a lady as I told him Madam Harriet was, came here in a four-wheel chaise, and was fetched away soon after by a fine lady in a chariot.

Rus. Did she come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a servant maid, please your honour.

Rus. And what part of the town did they go to?

Tom. John Ostler says as how, they bid the coachman drive to Grosvenor square.

Sir H. Soho! puss——Yoics!

Rus. She is certainly gone to that young rogue—he has got his aunt to fetch her from hence——or else she is with her own aunt, Lady Freelove——they both live in that part of the town. I'll go to his house, and in the mean while, Sir Harry, you shall step to Lady Freelove's. We'll find her, I warrant you. I'll teach my young mistress to be gadding. She shall marry you to-night. Come along, Sir Harry, come along; we won't lose a minute. Come along.

S[illegible]. Soho! hark forward! wind 'em and cross [illegible]rk forward! Yoics! Yoics! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OAKLY'S *House.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. After all, that letter was certainly intended for my husband. I see plain enough they are all in a plot against me. My husband intriguing, the major working him up to affront me, Charles owning his letters, and so playing into each other's hands.—— They think me a fool, I find——but I'll be too much for them yet.——I have desired to speak with Mr. Oakly, and expect him here immediately. His temper is naturally open, and if he thinks my anger abated, and my suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his behaviour. I'll assume an air of good humour, pretend to believe the fine story they have trumped up, throw him off his guard, and so draw the secret out of him.——Here he comes.—How hard it is to dissemble one's anger! O, I could rate him soundly! but I'll keep down my indignation at present, though it chokes me.

Enter OAKLY.

O my dear! I am very glad to see you. Pray sit down. [*They sit.*] I longed to see you. It seemed an age, till I had an opportunity of talking over ... lly affair that happened this morning.

Oak. Why, really, my dear——

Mrs. Oak. Nay, don't look so grave no... it's all over. Charles and you have clear... I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it! You make me happy beyond my expectation. This disposition will insure our felicity. Do but lay aside your cruel, unjust suspicion, and we should never have the least difference.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My uneasiness this morning, for instance! ha! ha! ha! To be so much alarmed about that idle letter, which turned out quite another thing at last—was not I very angry with you? ha! ha! ha!
[*Affecting a Laugh.*

Oak. Don't mention it. Let us both forget it. Your present cheerfulness makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. Oak. I am apt to be too violent; I love you too well, to be quite easy about you. [*Fondly.*]—Well —no matter—what is become of Charles!

Oak. Poor fellow! he is on the wing, rambling all over the town, in pursuit of this young lady.

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her relations.

Mrs. Oak. Relations! Who are they? Where do they live?

Oak. There is an aunt of hers lives just in the neighbourhood; Lady Freelove.

Mrs. Oak. Lady Freelove! Oho! gone to Lady Freelove's, is he?—and do you think he will hear any thing of her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so, with all my soul.

Mrs. Oak. Hope! with all your soul; do you hope so? [*Alarmed.*

Oak. Hope so! ye—yes—why, don't you hope so?
[*Surprised.*

Mrs. Oak. Why—yes—[*Recovering.*]—O ay, to be sure. I hope it of all things. You know, my dear,

it must give me great satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see Charles well settled.

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young woman, I assure you.

Mrs. Oak. You are well acquainted with her then?

Oak. To be sure, my dear; after seeing her so often last summer at the Major's house in the country, and at her father's.

Mrs. Oak. So often!

Oak. O ay, very often—Charles took care of that—almost every day.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! But pray—a—a—a—I say—a—a— [*Confused.*

Oak. What do you say, my dear?

Mrs. Oak. I say—a—a—[*Stammering.*] Is she handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome indeed.

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously handsome! and is she reckoned a sensible girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable young lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her company. Poor Charles! she soon made a conquest of him, and no wonder, she has so many elegant accomplishments! such an infinite fund of cheerfulness and good humour! Why, she's the darling of the whole country.

Mrs. Oak. Lord! you seem quite in raptures about her!

Oak. Raptures!—not at all. I was only telling you the young lady's character. I thought you would be glad to find that Charles had made so sensible a choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. Oak. O, Charles! True, as you say, Charles will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Oak. I am convinced of it. Poor Charles! I

am much concerned for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether we could be of any service to him in this affair.

Oak. Was you, my love? that is very good of you. Why, to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see? How can we manage it? Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest thought! and it will be of great service to Charles.

Mrs. Oak. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly.*]—You know I would do any thing to serve Charles, and oblige you. [*Mildly.*

Oak. That is so kind? Lord, my dear, if you would but always consider things in this proper light, and continue this amiable temper, we should be the happiest people——

Mrs. Oak. I believe so: but what's your proposal?

Oak. I am sure you'll like it,—Charles, you know, may, perhaps, be so lucky as to meet with this lady.—

Mrs. Oak. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with your leave, my dear——

Mrs. Oak. Well!

Oak. Bring her home here——

Mrs. Oak. How!

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my dear;—it will make poor Charles's mind quite easy: and you may take her under your protection till her father comes to town.

Mrs. Oak. Amazing! this is even beyond my expectation.

Oak. Why!——what!——

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such assurance! [*Rises.*] Take her under my protection! What! would you k[illegible] her under my nose?

[illegible]ay, I never conceived—I thought you would [illegible]oved——

[illegible]k. What! make me your convenient wo-

man!—No place but my own house to serve your purposes?

Oak. Lord, this is the strangest misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. Oak. Astonished! yes——confused, detected, betrayed, by your vain confidence of imposing on me. Why, sure you imagine me an ideot, a driveller. Charles, indeed! yes, Charles is a fine excuse for you. The letter this morning, the letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The letter! why sure that——

Mrs. Oak. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no doubt of your perfidy. But I thank you for some hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make use of them: nor will I rest, till I have full conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest proof of your baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay, but——

Mrs. Oak. Go, go! I have no doubt of your falsehood: away! [*Exit* MRS. OAKLY.

Oak. Was there ever any thing like this? Such unaccountable behaviour! angry I don't know why! jealous of I know not what! Hints!——hints I have given her!—What can she mean?——

TOILET *crossing the Stage.*

Toilet! where are you going?

Toil. To order the porter to let in no company to my lady to-day. She won't see a single soul, sir. [*Exit.*

Oak. What an unhappy woman! Now will she sit all day, feeding on her suspicions, till she has [con]vinced herself of the truth of them.

JOHN *crossing the Stage.*

Well, sir, what's your business?

John. Going to order the chariot, sir!—my lady's going out immediately. [*Exit.*

Oak. Going out! what is all this?—But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the sea or the wind! made up of storms and tempests! I can't bear it: and one way or other I will put an end to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LADY FREELOVE'S *House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE, *with a Card*—SERVANT *following.*

Lady F. [Reading as she enters.]—*And will take the liberty of waiting on her ladyship* en cavalier, *as he comes from the menége.* Does any body wait, that brought this card?

Serv. Lord Trinket's servant is in the hall, madam.

Lady F. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see his lordship.—Where is Miss Russet?

Serv. In her own chamber, madam.

Lady F. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, madam.

Lady F. Oh, ridiculous!—scribbling to that Oakly, I suppose. [*Apart.*]—Let her know, I should be glad of her company here. [*Exit* SERVANT.] It is a mighty troublesome thing to manage a simple girl, that knows nothing of the world. Harriet, like all other girls, is foolishly fond of this young fellow of her own chusing, her first love; that is [illegible] say, the first man that is particularly civil;

and the first air of consequence which a young lady gives herself. Poor silly soul!—But Oakly must not have her, positively. A match with Lord Trinket will add to the dignity of the family. I must bring her into it. I will throw her into his way as often as possible, and leave him to make his party good as fast as he can. But here she comes.

Enter HARRIET.

Well, Harriet, still in the pouts! nay, pr'ythee my dear little runaway girl, be more cheerful! your everlasting melancholy puts me into the vapours.

Har. Dear madam, excuse me. How can I be cheerful, in my present situation? I know my father's temper so well, that I am sure this step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the country, let what would have been the consequence.

Lady F. Why, it is a naughty child, that's certain. but it need not be so uneasy about papa, as you know that I wrote by last night's post to acquaint him that his little lost sheep was safe, and that you were ready to obey his commands in every particular, except marrying that oaf, Sir Harry Beagle.—Lord! Lord! what a difference there is between a country and town education! Why, a London lass would have jumped out of a window into a gallant's arms, and without thinking of her father, unless it were to have drawn a few bills on him, been a hundred miles off in nine or ten hours, or perhaps out of the kingdom in twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the consequences.

Lady F. I swear, child, you are a downright prude. Your way of talking gives me the spleen; so full of affection, and duty, and virtue, 'tis just like a fune[illegible]l sermon. And yet, pretty soul! it can love—

I wonder at your taste; a sneaking, simple gentleman, without a title! and when to my knowledge you might have a man of quality to-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your ladyship must excuse me, but many a man of quality would make me miserable.

Lady F. Indeed, my dear, these antedeluvian notions will never do now-a-days; and at the same time too, those little wicked eyes of yours speak a very different language. Indeed you have fine eyes, child! And they have made fine work with Lord Trinket.

Har. Lord Trinket! [*Contemptuously.*

Lady F. Yes, Lord Trinket; you know it as well as I do; and yet, you illnatured thing, you will not vouchsafe him a single smile. But you must give the poor soul a little encouragement, pr'ythee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, madam, for of all mankind Lord Trinket is my aversion.

Lady F. Why so, child? He is counted a well-bred, sensible young fellow, and the women all think him handsome.

Har. Yes, he is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly, with a great deal of good breeding; is just handsome enough to make him most excessively vain of his person; and has just reflection enough to finish him for a coxcomb; qualifications which are all very common among those whom your ladyship calls men of quality.

Lady F. A satirist too! Indeed, my dear, this affectation sits very aukwardly upon you. There will be a superiority in the behaviour of persons of fashion.

Har. A superiority, indeed! For his lordship al-...ys behaves with so much insolent familiarity, that ...ould almost imagine he was soliciting me for ... favours, rather than to pass my whole life with

Lady F. Innocent freedoms, child, which every fine woman expects to be taken with her, as an acknowledgment of her beauty.

Har. They are freedoms, which I think no innocent woman can allow.

Lady F. Romantic to the last degree!—Why, you are in the country still, Harriet!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord Trinket, madam.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Lady F. I swear now I have a good mind to tell him all you have said.

Enter LORD TRINKET, *in Boots, &c. as from the Riding House.*

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Lord T. Yourladyship does me too much honour. Here I am *en bottine* as you see.—just come from the menége. Miss Russet, I am your slave. I declare it makes me quite happy to find you together. 'Pon honour, ma'am, [*To* HARRIET.] I begin to conceive great hopes of you; and as for you, Lady Freelove, I cannot sufficiently commend your assiduity with your fair pupil. She was before possessed of every grace that nature could bestow on her, and nobody is so well qualified as your ladyship to give her the *bon ton.*

Har. Compliment and contempt all in a breath! My lord, I am obliged to you. But, waving my acknowledgments, give me leave to ask your lordship whether nature and the *bon ton* (as you call it) are so different, that we must give up one in order to [illegible]tain the other?

Lord T. Totally opposite, madam. The [illegible] aim of the *bon ton* is to render persons of [illegible]

different from the vulgar, for whom indeed nature serves very well. For this reason it has, at various times, been ungenteel to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good health, and to have twenty other horrible perfections of nature. Nature indeed may do very well sometimes. It made you, for instance, and it then made something very lovely; and if you would suffer us of quality to give you the *ton*, you would be absolutely divine: but now—me—madam—me ——nature never made such a thing as me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think your lordship has very few obligations to her.

Lord T. Then you really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel compliment: Nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve apace. 'Pon honour, Lady Freelove, I believe we shall make something of her at last.

Lady F. No doubt on't. It is in your lordship's power to make her a complete woman of fashion at once.

Lord T. Hum! Why, ay——

Har. Your lordship must excuse me. I am of a very tasteless disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of nature.

Lady F. You are out of nature now, Harriet! I am sure no woman but yourself ever objected to being carried among persons of quality. Would you believe it, my lord! here has she been a whole week in town, and would never suffer me to introduce her to a rout, an assembly, a concert, or even to court, or to the opera; nay, would hardly so much as mix vith a living soul that has visited me.

Lord T. No wonder, madam, you do not adopt manners of persons of fashion, when you will not honour them with your company. Were you ke one in our little coteries, we should soon you sick of the boors and bumpkins of the country. By the bye, I met a monster at the

riding house this morning who gave me some intelligence, that will surprise you, concerning your family.

Har. What intelligence?

Lady F. Who was this monster, as your lordship calls him? A curiosity, I dare say.

Lord T. This monster, madam, was formerly my head groom, and had the care of all my running horses; but growing most abominably surly and extravagant, as you know all these fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my brother, Slouch Trinket, has had the care of my stud, rides all my principal matches himself, and——

Har. Dear my lord, don't talk of your groom and your brother, but tell me the news. Do you know any thing of my father?

Lord T. Your father, madam, is now in town. This fellow, you must know, is now groom to Sir Harry Beagle, your sweet rural swain, and informed me that his master and your father were running all over the town in quest of you; and that he himself had orders to inquire after you; for which reason, I suppose, he came to the riding house stables, to look after a horse, thinking it, to be sure, a very likely place to meet you. Your father, perhaps, is gone to seek you at the Tower, or Westminster Abbey, which is all the idea he has of London; and your faithful lover is probably cheapening a hunter, and drinking strong beer, at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield.

Lady F. The whole set admirably disposed of!

Har. Did not your lordship inform him wher
I was?

Lord T. Not I, 'pon honour, madam; that I
to their own ingenuity to discover.

Lady F. And pray, my lord, where in this
have this polite company bestowed themselves

Lord T. They lodge, madam, of all places in the world, at the Bull and Gate Inn, in Holborn.

Lady F. Ha! ha! ha! The Bull and Gate! Incomparable! What, have they brought any hay or cattle to town?

Lord T. Very well, Lady Freelove, very well, indeed! There they are, like so many graziers; and there it seems, they have learned that this lady is certainly in London.

Har. Do, dear, madam, send a card directly to my father, informing him where I am, and that your ladyship would be glad to see him here. For my part I dare not venture into his presence, till you have, in some measure, pacified him; but, for Heaven's sake, desire him not to bring that wretched fellow along with him.

Lord T. Wretched fellow! Oho! *Courage*, Milor Trinket! [*Aside.*

Lady F. I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. [*Apart to* LADY FREELOVE.] Sir Harry Beagle is below, madam.

Lady F. [*Apart to* SERVANT.] I am not at home. ——Have they let him in?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Lady F. How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then, show him into my dressing room, I will come to him there. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Lord T. Lady Freelove! no engagement, I hope? We won't part with you, 'pon honour.

Lady F. The worst engagement in the world. A pair of musty old prudes! Lady Formal and Miss Prate.

Lord T. O the beldams! As nauseous as ipecacuanha, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Lud! lud! what shall I do with them? Why do these foolish women come troubling me now? I must wait on them in the dressing room, and you must excuse the card, Harriet, till they are gone. I'll despatch them as soon as I can, but Heaven knows when I shall get rid of them, for they are both everlasting gossips! though the words come from her ladyship one by one, like drops from a still, while the other tiresome woman overwhelms us with a flood of impertinence. Harriet, you'll entertain his lordship till I return. [*Exit.*

Lord T. Gone!—'Pon honour, I am not sorry for the coming in of these old tabbies, and am much obliged to her ladyship, for leaving us such an agreeable tête-à tête.

Har. Your lordship will find me extremely bad company.

Lord T. Not in the least, my dear! We'll entertain ourselves one way or other, I'll warrant you.—'Egad, I think it a mighty good opportunity to establish a better acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't understand you.

Lord T. No?——Why then I'll speak plainer.—[*Pausing, and looking her full in the Face.*] You are an amazing fine creature, 'pon honour.

Har. If this be your lordship's polite conversation, I shall leave you to amuse yourself in soliloquy. [*Going.*

Lord T. No, no, no, madam, that must not be. [*Stopping her.*] This place, my passion, the opportunity, all conspire——

Har. How, sir! you don't intend to do me any violence?

Lord T. 'Pon honour, ma'am, it will be doing great violence to myself, if I do not. You must excuse me. [*Struggling with her.*

Har. Help! help! murder! help!

Lord T. Your yelping will signify nothing—nobody will come. [*Struggling.*

Har. For Heaven's sake!—Sir!—My lord——— [*Noise within.*

Lord T. Pox on't, what noise!——Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*

Har. Help! murder! help! help!

Enter CHARLES, *hastily.*

Charles. What do I hear? My Harriet's voice calling for help!—Ha! [*Seeing them.*] Is it possible?—Turn, ruffian! I'll find you employment. [*Drawing.*

Lord T. You are a most impertinent scoundrel, and I'll whip you through the lungs, 'pon honour.

[*They fight*—HARRIET *runs out, screaming,* Help! *&c.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE, SIR HARRY BEAGLE, *and* SERVANTS.

Lady F. How's this?—Swords drawn in my house!—Part them—— [*They are parted.*] This is the most impudent thing——

Lord T. Well, rascal, I shall find a time; I know you, sir!

Charles. The sooner the better; I know your lordship too.

Sir H. I'faith, madam, [*To* LADY FREELOVE.] we had like to have been in at the death.

Lady F. What is all this? Pray, sir, what is the meaning of your coming hither, to raise this disturbance? Do you take my house for a brothel? [*To* CHARLES.

Charles. Not I, indeed, madam; but I believe his lordship does.

Lord T. Impudent scoundrel!

Lady F. Your conversation, sir, is as insolent as your behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

Charles. I am one, madam, always ready to draw

my sword in defence of innocence in distress, and more especially in the cause of that lady I delivered from his lordship's fury; in search of whom I troubled your ladyship's house.

Lady F. Her lover, I suppose; or what?

Charles. At your ladyship's service; though not quite so violent in my passion as his lordship there.

Lord T. Impertinent rascal!

Lady F. You shall be made to repent of this insolence.

Lord T. Your ladyship may leave that to me.

Charles. Ha! ha!

Sir H. But, pray what is become of the lady all this while? Why, Lady Freelove, you told me she was not here, and i'faith, I was just drawing off another way, if I had not heard the view-halloo.

Lady F. You shall see her immediately, sir! Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

Where is Miss Russet?

Serv. Gone out, madam.

Lady F. Gone out?—Where?

Serv. I don't know, madam: but she ran down the back stairs, crying for help, crossed the servants' hall in tears, and took a chair at the door.

Lady F. Blockheads! to let her go out in a chair alone!—Go and inquire after her immediately.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Sir H. Gone!—What a pox, had I just run her down, and is the little puss stole away at last?

Lady F. Sir, if you will walk in, [*To* SIR HARRY.] with his lordship and me, perhaps you may hear some tidings of her; though it is most probable, she may be gone to her father. I don't know any other friend she has in town.

Charles. I am heartily glad she is gone. She is safer any where than in this house.

Lady F. Mighty well, sir!—My lord, Sir Harry, ——I attend you.

Lord T. You shall hear from me, sir!

[*To* CHARLES.

Charles. Very well, my lord.

Sir H. Stole away!——pox on't——stole away!

[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY *and* LORD TRINKET.

Lady F. Before I follow the company, give me leave to tell you, sir, that your behaviour here has been so extraordinary——

Charles. My treatment here, madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

Lady F. Indeed!—Well, no matter—permit me to acquaint you, sir, that there lies your way out, and that the greatest favour you can do me, is to leave the house immediately.

Charles. That your ladyship may depend on. Since you have put Miss Russet to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my company. I'll after her immediately.

Lady F. If she has any regard for her reputation, she'll never put herself into such hands as yours.

Charles. O, madam, there can be no doubt of her regard for that, by her leaving your ladyship.

Lady F. Leave my house.

Charles. Directly——A charming house! and a charming lady of the house too!—Ha! ha! ha!

Lady F. Vulgar fellow!

Charles. Fine lady! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

LADY FREELOVE'S *House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE, *and* LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. *Doucement, doucement*, my dear Lady Freelove!——Excuse me, I meant no harm, 'pon honour!

Lady F. Indeed, indeed, my Lord Trinket, this is absolutely intolerable! What, to offer rudeness to a young lady in my house! What will the world say of it?

Lord T. Just what the world pleases.——It does not signify a doit what they say.—However, I ask pardon; but, egad, I thought it was the best way.—Devil take Sir Harry, and t'other scoundrel too!—That they should come driving hither just at so critical an instant!—And that the wild little thing should take wing, and fly away the lord knows whither!——'Pon honour, Lady Freelove, I can scarce believe this obstinate girl a relation of yours.

Lady F. Come, come, my lord, a truce with your reflections on my niece! Let us consider what is best to be done.—Will you submit to be governed by me, then?

Lord T. I'll be all obedience——your ladyship's slave, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Why then, as this is rather an ugly affair

in regard to me, as well as your lordship, and may make some noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save appearances, that you should wait on her father, palliate matters as well as you can, and make a formal repetition of your proposal of marriage.

Lord T. Your ladyship is perfectly in the right.—You are quite *au fait* of the affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your reputation will be safe, and my conduct justified to all the world. But should the old rustic continue as stubborn as his daughter, your ladyship, I hope, has no objections to my being a little *rusée*, for I must have her, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Do what you will, I wash my hands of it. She's out of my care now, you know.—But you must beware your rivals. One, you know, is in the house with her, and the other will lose no opportunities of getting to her.

Lord T. As to the fighting gentleman, I shall cut out work for him in his own way. I'll send him a *petit billet* to-morrow morning, and then there can be no great difficulty in outwitting her bumpkin father, and the baronet.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Captain O'Cutter, to wait on your ladyship.

Lady F. O the hideous fellow! The Irish sailor-man, for whom I prevailed on your lordship to get the post of regulating captain. I suppose, he is come to load me with his odious thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

Lord T. Let him in, by all means. He is the best creature to laugh at in nature. He is a perfect sea monster, and always looks and talks as if he was upon deck. Besides, a thought strikes me——He may be of use.

Lady F. Well——send the creature up then. [*Exit* SERVANT.] But what fine thought is this?

Lord T. A *coup de maitre*, 'pon honour! I intend ——but, hush! here the porpus comes.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

Lady F. Captain, your humble servant! I am very glad to see you.

O'Cut. I am much oblaged to you, my lady! Upon my conscience, the wind favours me at all points. I had no sooner got under way, to tank your ladyship, but I have borne down upon my noble friend his lordship too. I hope your lordship's well?

Lord T. Very well, I thank you, Captain!—But you seem to be hurt in the service: what is the meaning of that patch over your right eye?

O'Cut. Some advanced wages from my new post, my lord! This pressing is hot work, though it entitles us to smart money.

Lady F. And pray, in what perilous adventure did you get that scar, Captain?

O'Cut. Quite out of my element, indeed, my lady. I got it in an engagement by land. A day or two ago, I 'spied three stout fellows, belonging to a merchantman. They made down Wapping. I immediately gave my lads the signal to chase, and we bore down right upon them. They tacked, and lay to—We gave them a thundering broadside, which they resaved like men; and one of them made use of small arms, which carried off the weathermost corner of Ned Gage's hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked him, but resaved a wound on my starboard eye, from the stock of the pistol. However, we took them all, and they now lie under the hatches, with fifty more, a-board a tender off the Tower.

Lord T. Well done, noble Captain!——But, however, you will soon have better em[illegible]ployment, for I

think, the next step to your present post, is commonly a ship.

O'Cut. The sooner the better, my lord! Honest Terence O'Cutter shall never flinch, I warrant you; and has had as much sea-sarvice, as any man in the navy.

Lord T. You may depend on my good offices, Captain! But, in the mean time, it is in your power to do me a favour.

O'Cut. A favour, my lord!—your lordship does me honour. I would go round the world, from one end to the other, by day or by night, to sarve your lordship, or my good lady here.

Lord T. Dear madam, the luckiest thought in nature! [*Apart to* LADY F.]:—The favour I have to ask of you, Captain, need not carry you so far out of your way. The whole affair is, that there are a couple of impudent fellows, at an inn in Holborn, who have affronted me, and you would oblige me infinitely, by pressing them into his majesty's service.

Lady F. Now I understand——Admirable!
[*Apart.*

O'Cut. With all my heart, my lord, and tank you too, 'fait. But, by the by, I hope they are not housekeepers, or freemen of the city. There's the devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder one so about liberty, and property, and stuff.—It was but t'other day, that Jack Trowser was carried before my Lord Mayor, and lost above a twelvemonth's pay, for nothing at all, at all.

Lord T. I'll take care you shall be brought into no trouble. These fellows were formerly my grooms. If you'll call on me in the morning, I'll go with you to the place.

O'Cut. I'll be with your lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty boys, as you'll wish to clap your two looking eyes upon of a summer's day.

Lord T. I am much obliged to you—But, Captain, I have another little favour to beg of you.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul, I'll do it.

Lord T. What, before you know it?

O'Cut. Fore and aft, my lord!

Lord T. A gentleman has offended me in a point of honour——

O'Cut. Cut his troat!

Lord T. Will you carry him a letter from me?

O'Cut. Indeed and I will:—and I'll take you in tow too; and you shall engage him yard-arm and yard-arm.

Lord T. Why, then, Captain, you'll come a little earlier to-morrow morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my billet, before you proceed on the other affair.

O'Cut. Never fear it, my lord——Your sarvant!—My ladyship, your humble sarvant!

Lady F. Captain, yours—Pray give my service to my friend Mrs. O'Cutter. How does she do?

O'Cut. I tank your ladyship's axing——The dear creature is purely tight and well.

Lord T. How many children have you, Captain?

O'Cut. Four, and please your lordship, and another upon the stocks.

Lord T. When it is launched, I hope to be at the christening.—I'll stand godfather, Captain!

O'Cut. Your lordship's very good.

Lord T. Well, you'll come to-morrow.

O'Cut. Ay, my lord, and every day next week.—Little Terence O'Cutter, never fails, fait, when a troat is to be cut. [*Exit.*

Lady F. Ha! ha! ha! But, sure you don't intend to ship off both her father and her country lover for the Indies?

Lord T. O no! Only let them contemplate the inside of a ship, for a day or two.

Lady F. Well, but after all, my lord, this is a very

bold undertaking. I don't think you'll be able to put it in practice.

Lord T. Nothing so easy, 'pon honour.—This artifice must, at least, take them out of the way for some time, and, in the mean while, measures may be concerted to carry off the girl.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mrs. Oakly, madam, is at the door, in her chariot, and desires to have the honour of speaking to your ladyship, on particular business.

Lord T. Mrs. Oakly! what can that jealous-pated woman want with you?

Lady F. No matter what.—I hate her mortally.—Let her in. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Lord T. What wind blows her hither?

Lady F. A wind that must blow us some good.

Lord T. How?—I was amazed you chose to see her.

Lady F. How can you be so slow of apprehension! ——She comes, you may be sure, on some occasion relating to this girl: in order to assist young Oakly, perhaps, to sooth me, and gain intelligence, and so forward the match; but I'll forbid the banns, I warrant you.——Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet mischief out of it.——But, away! away!—I think I hear her—slip down the back stairs——or—stay, now I think on't, go out this way—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful bow, as you go out.

Lord T. Hush! here she is!

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

[LORD TRINKET *bows, and exit.*

Mrs. Oak. I beg pardon, for giving your ladyship this trouble.

Lady F. I am always glad of the honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. There is a letter, madam, just come from the country, which has occasioned some alarm in our family. It comes from Mr. Russet——

Lady F. Mr. Russet!

Mrs. Oak. Yes, from Mr. Russet, madam; and is chiefly concerning his daughter. As she has the honour of being related to your ladyship, I took the liberty of waiting on you.

Lady F. She is, indeed, as you say, madam, a relation of mine; but, after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. Oak. Has she been so much to blame then?

Lady F. So much, madam!——Only judge for yourself.——Though she had been so indiscreet, not to say indecent, in her conduct, as to elope from her father, I was in hopes to have hushed up that matter, for the honour of our family.—But she has run away from me too, madam!—went off in the most abrupt manner, not an hour ago.

Mrs. Oak. You surprise me. Indeed, her father, by his letter, seems apprehensive of the worst consequences.—But does your ladyship imagine any harm has happened?

Lady F. I can't tell—I hope not——But, indeed, she's a strange girl. You know, madam, young women can't be too cautious in their conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous person to take into a family.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! [*Alarmed.*

Lady F. If I was to say all I know——

Mrs. Oak. Why, sure your ladyship knows of nothing, that has been carried on clandestinely between her and Mr. Oakly. [*In Disorder.*

Lady F. Mr. Oakly!

Mrs. Oak. Mr. Oakly—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is,

not my husband—I don't mean him—not him—but his nephew—young Mr. Oakly.

Lady F. Jealous of her husband! So, so! now I know my game. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Oak. But pray, madam, give me leave to ask, was there any thing very particular in her conduct, while she was in your ladyship's house?

Lady F. Why, really, considering she was here scarce a week, her behaviour was rather mysterious;—letters and messages, to and fro, between her and I don't know who.—I suppose you know, that Mr. Oakly's nephew has been here, madam?

Mrs. Oak. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your ladyship already on this occasion?

Lady F. To wait on me!——The expression is much too polite for the nature of his visit.—My Lord Trinket, the nobleman, whom you met as you came in, had, you must know, madam, some thoughts of my niece, and, as it would have been an advantageous match, I was glad of it: but, I believe, after what he has been witness to this morning, he will drop all thoughts of it.

Mrs. Oak. I am sorry, that any relation of mine should so far forget himself——

Lady F. It's no matter—his behaviour, indeed, as well as the young lady's, was pretty extraordinary—and yet, after all, I don't believe he is the object of her affections.

Mrs. Oak. Ha! [*Much alarmed.*

Lady F. She has certainly an attachment somewhere, a strong one; but his lordship, who was present all the time, was convinced, as well as myself, that Mr. Oakly's nephew was rather a convenient friend, a kind of go-between, than the lover.——Bless me, madam, you change colour!—you seem uneasy! What's the matter?

Mrs. Oak. Nothing,——madam,——nothing,——a little shocked, that my husband should behave so.

Lady F. Your husband, madam!

Mrs. Oak. His nephew, I mean.——His unpardonable rudeness——But I am not well——I am sorry I have given your ladyship so much trouble—I'll take my leave.

Lady F. I declare, madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected, makes me quite uneasy. I hope I have not said any thing——I really don't believe your husband is in fault. Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange liberties—But, I think, nay, I am sure, it cannot be so—It is impossible! Don't let what I have said, have any effect on you.

Mrs. Oak. No, it has not—I have no idea of such a thing.—Your ladyship's most obedient— [*Going, returns.*] —But, sure, madam, you have not heard — or don't know any thing.

Lady F. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly, I see how it is, and it would not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only, be on your guard —there can be no harm in that. Do you be against giving the girl any countenance, and see what effect it has.

Mrs. Oak. I will——I am much obliged——But does it appear to your ladyship, then, that Mr. Oakly——

Lady F. No, not at all—nothing in't, I dare say— I would not create uneasiness in a family—but I am a woman myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for you.—But don't be uneasy, there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs. Oak. I think so.——Your ladyship's humble servant.

Lady F. Your servant, madam.——Pray don't be alarmed; I must insist on your not making yourself uneasy.

Mrs. Oak. Not at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy—Your most obedient. [*Exit.*

Lady F. Ha! ha! ha! There she goes, brimful of anger and jealousy, to vent it all on her husband.—Mercy on the poor man!

Enter LORD TRINKET.

Bless me, my lord, I thought you was gone!

Lord T. Only into the next room. My curiosity would not let me stir a step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my life, 'pon honour. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady F. How the silly creature took it.—Ha! ha! ha!

Lord T. Ha! ha! ha!—My dear Lady Freelove, you have a deal of ingenuity, a deal of *esprit*, 'pon honour.

Lady F. A little shell thrown into the enemy's works, that's all.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lady F. But I must leave you—I have twenty visits to pay. You'll let me know how you succeed in your secret expedition.

Lord T. That you may depend on.

Lady F. Remember, then, that to-morrow morning I expect to see you. At present, your lordship will excuse me.——Who's there? [*Calling to the* SERVANTS.] Send Epingle into my dressing room.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MR. OAKLY'S *House.*

Enter HARRIET, *following* WILLIAM.

Har. Not at home! Are you sure, that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, sir?

Will. She is just gone out, madam.

Har. I have something of consequence——If you will give me leave, sir, I will wait till she returns.

Will. You would not see her, if you did, madam. She has given positive orders not to be interrupted with any company to-day.

Har. Sure, sir, if you was to let her know, that I had particular business———

Wil. I should not dare to trouble her, indeed, madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do?—Pray, sir, can I see Mr. Oakly, then?

Will. Yes, madam: I'll acquaint my master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, sir.

Will. Will you favour me with your name, madam?

Har. Be pleased, sir, to let him know, that a lady desires to speak with him.

Will. I shall, madam. [*Exit* WILLIAM.

Har. I wish I could have seen Mrs. Oakly. What an unhappy situation am I reduced to!—I must now, however, solicit Mr. Oakly's protection; a circumstance (all things considered) rather disagreeable to a delicate mind, and which nothing, but the absolute necessity of it, could excuse.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. [*At entering.*] Where is this lady?—[*Seeing her.*] Bless me, Miss Russet, is it you?——Was ever any thing so unlucky? [*Aside.*] Is it possible, madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, sir; and the occasion, on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in need of an apology, that——

Oak. Pray make none, madam.—If my wife should return before I get her out of the house again!—

[*Aside.*

Har. I dare say, sir, you are not quite a stranger to the attachment your nephew has professed to me.

Oak. I am not, madam.—I hope Charles has not been guilty of any baseness towards you. If he has, I'll never see his face again.

Har. I have no cause to accuse him.—But——

Oak. But what, madam? Pray be quick!——The very person in the world I would not have seen! [*Aside.*

Har. You seem uneasy, sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all—Pray go on, madam.

Har. I am at present, sir, through a concurrence of strange accidents, in a very unfortunate situation, and do not know what will become of me without your assistance.

Oak. I'll do every thing in my power to serve you. I know of your leaving your father, by a letter we have had from him. Pray let me know the rest of your story.

Har. My story, sir, is very short. When I left my father's, I came immediately to London, and took refuge with a relation; where, instead of meeting with the protection I expected, I was alarmed with the most infamous designs upon my honour. It is not an hour ago, since your nephew rescued me from the attempts of a villain. I tremble to think, that I left him actually engaged in a duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home the chariot from the St. Albans tavern, where he dines to-day.——But what are your commands for me, madam?

Har. The favour, sir, I would now request of you is, that you would suffer me to remain, for a few days, in your house.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that, in the mean time, you will use your utmost endeavours to reconcile me to my father,

without his forcing me into a marriage with Sir Harry Beagle.

Oak. This is the most perplexing situation !—— Why did not Charles take care to bestow you properly ?

Har. It is most probable, sir, that I should not have consented to such a measure myself. The world is but too apt to censure, even without a cause: and if you are so kind as to admit me into your house, I must desire not to consider Mr. Oakly in any other light than as your nephew.

Oak. What an unlucky circumstance !——Upon my soul, madam, I would do any thing to serve you —but being in my house, creates a difficulty that—

Har. I hope, sir, you do not doubt the truth of what I have told you ?

Oak. I religiously believe every tittle of it, madam, but I have particular family considerations, that——

Har. Sure, sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any connexions in your family contrary to your inclinations, while I am living in your house!

Oak. Such connexions, madam, would do me and all my family great honour. I never dreamt of any scruples on that account.—What can I do ?—Let me see—let me see—suppose—— [*Pausing.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY *behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet, &c.*

Mrs. Oak. I am sure I heard the voice of a woman, conversing with my husband——Ha! [*Seeing* HARRIET.] It is so, indeed ! Let me contain myself—I'll listen.

Har. I see, sir, you are not inclined to serve me—good Heaven ! what am I reserved to ?—Why, why did I leave my father's house, to expose myself to greater distresses? [*Ready to weep.*

Oak. I would do any thing for your sake: indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper place to bestow you in.

Mrs. Oak. So! so!

Har. What place can be so proper as your own house?

Oak. My dear madam, I——I——

Mrs. Oak. My dear madam!——Mighty well!—

Oak. Hush!—hark!——what noise——no——nothing. But I'll be plain with you, madam, we may be interrupted.——The family considerations I hinted at, is nothing else than my wife. She is a little unhappy in her temper, madam;—and if you were to be admitted into the house, I don't know what would be the consequence.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine!

Har. My behaviour, sir!——

Oak. My dear life, it would be impossible for you to behave in such a manner, as not to give her suspicion.

Har. But if your nephew, sir, took every thing upon himself——

Oak. Still that would not do, madam!——Why, this very morning, when the letter came from your father, though I positively denied any knowledge of it, and Charles owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Har. What shall I do?—What will become of me?

Oak. Why, lookye, my dear madam, since my wife is so strong an objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the house. Nay, if I had not known she was gone out, just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here, even now. So we must manage as well as we can.—I'll take a private lodging, for you a little way off, unknown to Charles, or my wife, or any body; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why the whole matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. Oak. Upon Charles!

Har. How unhappy is my situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! Not at all. Such a thing as this has happened to many a young lady before you, and all has been well again——Keep up your spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every day.

Mrs. Oak. [*Advancing.*] Will you so? O, Mr. Oakly! have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you, indeed! And you, my dear madam, I'll——

Har. Madam, I don't understand——

Mrs. Oak. I understand the whole affair, and have understood it for some time past.—You shall have a private lodging, miss!——It is the fittest place for you, I believe.——How dare you look me in the face?

Oak. For Heaven's sake, my love, don't be so violent.—You are quite wrong in this affair—you don't know who you are a-talking to. This lady is a person of fashion.

Mrs. Oak. Fine fashion, indeed! to seduce other women's husbands!

Har. Dear madam; how can you imagine——

Oak. I tell you, my dear, this is the young lady that Charles——

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! but that won't do, sir!—Did not I hear you lay the whole intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine plot of throwing all the blame upon Charles?——

Oak. Nay, be cool a moment.——You must know, my dear, that the letter which came this morning related to this lady——

Mrs. Oak. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to——

Mrs. Oak. O, you deceitful man!——That trick is too stale to pass again with me.——It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into

the house this morning.——But the gentlewoman could introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie! my dear, she came on purpose to inquire for you.

Mrs. Oak. For me!——better and better!——Did not she watch her opportunity, and come to you just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your visit, madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray, don't let me detain you.

Oak. For shame! for shame! Mrs. Oakly! How can you be so absurd? Is this proper behaviour to a lady of her character!

Mrs. Oak. I have heard her character. Go, my fine runaway madam! Now you have eloped from your family, and run away from your aunt! Go!——You sha'n't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Pr'ythee, be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. Oak. She sha'n't stay a minute.

Oak. She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year!——'Sdeath, madam, she shall stay for ever, if I chuse it.

Mrs. Oak. How!

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir, let me go. I am frightened to death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, madam!——She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Rus. [*Within.*] I tell you, sir, I will go up. I am sure the lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O, my father! my father! [*Faints away.*

Oak. See! she faints. [*Catching her.*]——Ring the bell! Who's there?

Mrs. Oak. What! take her into your arms too!—I have no patience.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Where is this——ha! fainting! [*Running to her.*] O, my dear Harriet! my child! my child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly, shocked her spirits. But she revives. How do you, madam?

Har. [*To* RUSSET.] O, sir!

Rus. O, my dear girl! how could you run away from your father, that loves you with such fondness! ——But I was sure I should find you here——

Mrs. Oak. There—there!—sure he should find her here! Did I not tell you so?——Are not you a wicked man, to carry on such base, underhand doings, with a gentleman's daughter?

Rus. Let me tell you, sir, whatever you may think of the matter, I shall not easily put up with this behaviour.—How durst you encourage my daughter to an elopement, and receive her in your house?

Mrs. Oak. There, mind that!——The thing is as plain as the light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand——

Rus. Look you, Mr. Oakly, I shall expect satisfaction from your family for so gross an affront.——Zounds, sir, I am not to be used ill by any man in England.

Har. My dear sir, I can assure you——

Rus. Hold your tongue, girl! You'll put me in a passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a mistake.

Rus. A mistake! Did not I find her in your house?

Oak. Upon my soul, she has not been in my house above——

Mrs. Oak. Did not I hear you say, you would take her a lodging, a private lodging?

Oak. Yes, but that——

Rus. Has not this affair been carried on a long time in spite of my teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself——

Mrs. Oak. Never troubled yourself!—Did not you insist on her staying in the house, whether I would or no?

Oak. No.

Rus. Did not you send to meet her, when she came to town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. Oak. Did not you deceive me about the letter this morning?

Oak. No—no—no—I tell you, no.

Mrs. Oak. Yes—yes—yes——I tell you, yes.

Rus. Sha'n't I believe my own eyes?

Mrs. Oak. Sha'n't I believe my own ears?

Oak. I tell you, you are both deceived.

Rus. Zounds, sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. I'll stop these fine doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak—and you are both alike, I think.——I wish you were married to one another, with all my heart.

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! mighty well!

Rus. I shall soon find a time to talk with you.

Oak. Find a time to talk! you have talked enough now for all your lives.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine! Come along, sir! Leave that lady with her father. Now she is in the properest hands.

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his hands. [*Going, returns.*] One word with you, sir!——The height of your passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange misapprehension of this whole affair, makes it impossible to explain matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please.

Rus. Yes, yes; I'll have satisfaction.——So, madam! I have found you at last.——You have made a fine confusion here.

Har. I have, indeed, been the innocent cause of a great deal of confusion.

Rus. Innocent!——What business had you to be running hither after——

Har. My dear sir, you misunderstand the whole affair. I have not been in this house half an hour.

Rus. Zounds, girl, don't put me in a passion!—— You know I love you——but a lie puts me in a passion. But come along—we'll leave this house directly—[CHARLES, *singing without.*] Hey day! what now?

After a Noise without, enter CHARLES, *drunk.*

Charles. *But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,*
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.
[Singing.

What's here? a woman? Harriet! impossible! My dearest, sweetest Harriet! I have been looking all over the town for you, and at last——when I was tired——and weary—and disappointed—why, then, the honest Major and I sat down together to drink your health in pint bumpers. [*Running up to her.*

Rus. Stand off!——How dare you take any liberty with my daughter before me? Zounds, sir, I'll be the death of you.

Charles. Ha! 'Squire Russet too!——You jolly old cock, how do you do?—But Harriet! my dear girl! [*Taking hold of her.*] My life, my soul, my——

Rus. Let her go, sir—come away, Harriet!—Leave him this instant, or I'll tear you asunder.
[*Pulling her.*

Har. There needs no violence, to tear me from a man, who could disguise himself in such a gross manner, at a time when he knew I was in the utmost distress. [*Disengages herself, and exit with* RUSSET.

Charles. Only hear me, sir——madam!——my dear Harriet——Mr. Russet—gone!——she's gone! —and, 'egad, in very ill humour, and in very bad company!——I'll go after her—but hold!—I shall only make it worse—as I did—now I recollect—once

before. How the devil came they here?—Who would have thought of finding her in my own house?——My head turns round with conjectures.—I believe I am drunk—very drunk——so, 'egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then inquire the meaning of all this. For,

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

[Exit, singing.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

OAKLY'S *House.*

Enter CHARLES *and* MAJOR OAKLY.

Maj. Poor Charles! What a scene of confusion! I would give the world to have been there.

Charles. And I would give the world to have been any where else.——May wine be my poison, if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. Ay, ay, so every man says, the next morning.

Charles. Where, where can she be? Her father would hardly carry her back to Lady Freelove's, and he has no house in town himself, nor Sir Harry ——I don't know what to think——I'll go in search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. A gentleman, sir, that calls himself Captain O'Cutter, desires to speak with you.

Charles. Don't trouble me——I'll see nobody——I'm not at home——

Will. The gentleman says, he has very particular business, and he must see you.

Charles. What's his name? Who did you say?

Will. Captain O'Cutter, sir.

Charles. Captain O'Cutter! I never heard of him before. Do you know any thing of him, Major?

Maj. Not I——But you hear he has particular business. I'll leave the room.

Charles. He can have no business that need be a secret to you.—Desire the Captain to walk up.

[*Exit* WILLIAM.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

O'Cut. Jontlemen, your sarvant. Is either of your names Charles Oakly, Esq.

Charles. Charles Oakly, sir, is my name, if you have any business with it.

O'Cut. Avast, avast, my dear!—I have a little business with your name, but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it till you clear the decks, 'fait.— [*Pointing to the* MAJOR.

Charles. This gentleman, sir, is my most intimate friend, and any thing that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

O'Cut. O, if he's your friend, my dear, we may do all above-board. It's only about your deciding a deferance with my Lord Trinket. He wants to show you a little warm work; and, as I was steering this way, he desired me to fetch you this letter.

[*Giving a Letter.*

Maj. How, sir, a challenge!

O'Cut. Yes, 'fait, a challenge. I am to be his lordship's second; and, if you are fond of a hot birth, and will come along with that jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little line of battle a-head of our own, my dear.

Charles. [*Reading.*] Ha! what's this? This may be useful. [*Aside.*

Maj. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.—A rare fellow this! [*Aside.*]—Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good company. I'll be there in my waistcoat and pumps, and take a morning's breathing with you. Are you very fond of fighting, sir?

O'Cut. Indeed, and I am; I love it better than grog.

Maj. But pray, sir, how are you interested in this difference? Do you know what it is about?

O'Cut. O, the devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know? so we do but tilt a little.

Maj. What, fight, and not know for what?

O'Cut. When the signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. I fancy, sir, a duel's a common breakfast with you. I'll warrant, now, you have been engaged in many such affairs.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul, and I have: sea or land, it's all one to little Terence O'Cutter.—When I was last in Dublin, I fought one jontleman for cheating me out of a tousand pounds; I fought two of the Mermaid's crew about Sally Macquire; tree about politics; and one about the playhouse in Smock Alley. But, upon my fait, since I am in England, I have done noting at all at all.

Charles. This is lucky—but my transport will discover me. [*Aside.*]—Will you be so kind, sir, [*To* O'CUTTER.] as to make my compliments to his lord-

ship, and assure him, that I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him.

O'Cut. Indeed, and I will.—Arrah, my dear, won't you come too? [*To* MAJOR OAKLY.

Maj. Depend upon it, Captain.—A very extraordinary fellow! [*Aside.*

Charles. Now to get my intelligence. [*Aside.*]—I think the time, sir, his lordship appoints in his letter, is—a——

O'Cut. You say right——Six o'clock.

Charles. And the place—a—a—is——I think, behind Montague House.

O'Cut. No, my dear!——Avast, by the Ring in Hyde Park, 'fait——I settled it there myself, for fare of interruption.

Charles. True, as you say, the Ring in Hyde Park—I had forgot—Very well, I'll not fail you, sir.

O'Cut. Devil burn me, nor I. Upon my shoul, little Terence O'Cutter will see fair play, or he'll know the reason—And so, my dear, your servant.—You'll not forget to come, my dear? [*Exit.*

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! What a fellow!——He loves fighting like a game cock.

Charles. O, uncle! the luckiest thing in the world!

Maj. What, to have the chance of being run through the body! I desire no such good fortune.

Charles. Wish me joy, wish me joy! I have found her, my dear girl, my Harriet!——She is at an inn in Holborn, Major!

Maj. Ay! how do you know?

Charles. Why, this dear, delightful, charming, blundering captain, has delivered me a wrong letter.

Maj. A wrong letter!

Charles. Yes, a letter from Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove.

Maj. The devil! What are the contents?

Charles. The news I told you just now, that she's at an Inn in Holborn:—and besides, an excuse from

my lord, for not waiting on her ladyship this morning, according to his promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his design upon Harriet.

Maj. So!—so!—A plot between the lord and the lady.

Charles. There! read, read, man!

[*Giving the Letter.*

Maj. [*Reading.*] Um—um— um—Very fine! And what do you purpose doing?

Charles. To go thither immediately.

Maj. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his lordship's designs may be? I begin to suspect foul play.

Charles. No, no; pray mind your own business. If I find there is any need of your assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. You'll manage this affair like a boy, now—Go on rashly with noise and bustle, and fury, and get yourself into another scrape.

Charles. No—no—Let me alone; I'll go *incog.*—Leave my chariot at some distance—Proceed prudently, and take care of myself, I warrant you. I did not imagine that I should ever rejoice at receiving a challenge, but this is the most fortunate accident that could possibly have happened. B'ye, b'ye, uncle!

[*Exit hastily.*

Maj. I don't half approve of this—and yet I can hardly suspect his lordship of any very deep designs neither.—Charles may easily outwit him. Harkye, William! [*At seeing* WILLIAM *at some Distance.*

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Sir!

Maj. Where's my brother?

Will. In his study, sir.

Maj. Is he alone?

Will. Yes, sir.

Maj. And how is he, William?

Will. Pretty well, I believe, sir.

Maj. Ay, ay, but is he in good humour, or——

Will. I never meddle in family affairs, not I, sir. [*Exit.*

Maj. Well said, William!——No bad hint for me, perhaps!—What a strange world we live in! No two people in it love one another better than my brother and sister, and yet the bitterest enemies could not torment each other more heartily.——Ah, if he had but half my spirit!——And yet he don't want it neither—But I know his temper—He pieces out the matter with maxims, and scraps of philosophy, and odds and ends of sentences—I must live in peace——Patience is the best remedy—Any thing for a quiet life! and so on——However, yesterday, to give him his due, he behaved like a man. Keep it up, brother! keep it up! or it's all over with you. Since mischief is on foot, I'll even set it forwards on all sides. I'll in to him directly, read him one of my morning lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with me immediately; or work him up to some open act of rebellion against the sovereign authority of his lady-wife. Zounds, brother! rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the house out of the window. If I was a husband!——'Sdeath, what a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. What will become of me? Among all my dis-

tresses, I must confess that Charles's behaviour yesterday is not the least. So wild! So given up to excesses! And yet—I am ashamed to own it even to myself——I love him: and death itself shall not prevail on me to give my hand to Sir Harry——But here he comes! What shall I do with him?

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE.

Sir H. Your servant, miss!——What! Not speak! ——Bashful, mayhap—Why then I will—Lookye, miss, I am a man of few words—What signifies haggling? It looks just like a dealer.——What d'ye think of me for a husband?——I am a tight young fellow—sound wind and limb—free from all natural blemishes —Rum all over, damme.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak English, and I'll give you an answer.

Sir H. English! Why so I do—and good plain English too.—What d'ye think of me for a husband? —That's English—e'nt it?——I know none of your French lingo, none of your *parlyvoos*, not I.—What d'ye think of me for a husband? The 'squire says, you shall marry me.

Har. What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. [*Aside.*]——I think, sir, you deserve a much better wife, and beg——

Sir H. Better! No, no,—though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so.——You're a fine thing ——Your points are all good.

Har. Sir Harry! Sincerity is above all ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare I never will be your wife. And if you have a real regard for me, and my happiness, you will give up all pretension to me. Shall I beseech you, sir, to persuade my father not to urge a marriage, to which I am determined never to consent?

Sir H. Hey! how! what! be off!——Why, it's a match, miss!——It's done and done on both sides.

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir, withdraw your claim to me.——I never can be prevailed on——indeed I can't——

Sir H. What, make a match and then draw stakes! That's doing of nothing—Play or pay all the world over.

Har. I am determined not to marry you, at all events.

Sir H. But your father's determined you shall, miss.—So the odds are on my side.——I am not quite sure of my horse, but I have the rider hollow.

Har. Your horse! sir—d'ye take me for—but I forgive you.—I beseech you, come into my proposal. It will be better for us both in the end.

Sir H. I can't be off.

Har. Let me intreat you.

Sir H. I tell you, it's impossible.

Har. Pray, pray do, sir.

Sir H. I can't damme.

Har. I beseech you. [SIR HARRY *whistles.*] How! laughed at?

Sir H. *Will you marry me, Dear Ally, Ally Croker?* [Singing.

Har. Marry you? I had rather be married to a slave, a wretch——You! [*Walks about.*

Sir H. A fine going thing——She has a deal of foot——treads well upon her pasterns——goes above her ground——

Har. Peace, wretch!—Do you talk to me as if I were your horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my horse? If your fine ladies had half as many good qualities, they would be much better bargains.

Har. And if their wretches of husbands liked them half so well as they do their horses, they would lead better lives.

Sir H. Mayhap so.——But what signifies talking to you?——The 'squire shall know your tricks——He'll doctor you.——I'll go and talk to him.

Har. Go any where, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in—If you won't go in a snaffle, you must be put in a curb——He'll break you, damme. [*Exit.*

Har. A wretch!——How much trouble has this odious fellow caused both to me and my poor father!—I never disobeyed him before, and my denial now makes him quite unhappy. In any thing else I would be all submission; and even now, while I dread his rage, my heart bleeds for his uneasiness——I wish I could resolve to obey him.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Are not you a sad girl? a perverse, stubborn obstinate——

Har. My dear sir——

Rus. Lookye, Harriet, don't speak,——you'll put me in a passion——Will you have him?——Answer me that—Why don't the girl speak?—Will you have him?

Har. Dearest sir, there is nothing in the world else——

Rus. Why there!—there!——Lookye there!——Zounds, you shall have him——Hussy, you shall have him——You shall marry him to-night——Did not you promise to receive him civilly?—How came you to affront him?

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his behaviour was so insolent and insupportable——

Rus. Insolent!—Zounds, I'll blow his brains out.——Insolent to my dear Harriet!—A rogue, a villain! a scoundrel! I'll—but it's a lie—I know it's a lie—He durst not behave insolent—Will you have

him? Answer me that. Will you have him?——Zounds, you shall have him.

Har. If you have any love for me, sir——

Rus. Love for you!—You know I love you—You know your poor fond father dotes on you to madness.——I would not force you, if I did not love you—Don't I want you to be happy;——But I know what you would have. You want young Oakly, a rakehelly, drunken——

Har. Release me from Sir Harry, and if I ever marry against your consent, renounce me for ever.

Rus. I *will* renounce you, unless you'll have Sir Harry.

Har. Consider, my dear sir, you'll make me miserable. I would die to please you, but cannot prostitute my hand to a man my heart abhors.——Absolve me from this hard command, and in every thing else it will be happiness to obey you.

Rus. You'll break my heart, Harriet, you'll break my heart——Make you miserable!—Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest man in the county?—That will make you happy.——Don't all the pale-faced girls in the country long to get him?—And yet you are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn——Zounds, you shall have him.

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir——

Rus. Hold your tongue, Harriet!—I'll hear none of your nonsense.——You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him——He shall marry you this very night——I'll go for a license and a parson immediately. Zounds! Why do I stand arguing with you? An't I your father? Have not I a right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir!——

Rus. I won't hear a word. You shall have him.

[*Exit.*

Har. Sir!—Hear me!—but one word!—He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious

marriage. I will die before I consent to it. You *shall* have him! O that fathers would enforce their commands by better arguments! And yet I pity him, while he afflicts me.—He upbraided me with Charles, his wildness and intemperance—Alas! but too justly——I see that he is wedded to his excesses; and I ought to conquer an affection for him, which will only serve to make me unhappy.

Enter CHARLES, *in a Frock, &c.*

Ha! What do I see! [*Screaming.*

Charles. Peace, my love!—My dear life, make no noise!—I have been hovering about the house this hour——I just now saw your father and Sir Harry go out, and have seized this precious opportunity to throw myself at your feet.

Har. You have given yourself, sir, a great deal of needless trouble. I did not expect or hope for the favour of such a visit.

Charles. O my dear Harriet, your words and looks cut me to the soul. You can't imagine what I suffer, and have suffered since last night——But may I perish, if my joy at having delivered you from a villain was not the cause! My transport more than half intoxicated me, wine made an easy conquest over me.—I tremble to think lest I should have behaved in such a manner as you cannot pardon.

Har. Whether I pardon you or no, sir, is a matter of mighty little consequence.

Charles. Consider, my Harriet, the peculiarity of your situation; besides, I have reason to fear other designs against you.

Har. From other designs I can be no where so secure as with my father.

Charles. Consider, my angel!——

Har. I do consider, that your conduct has made it

absolutely improper for me to trust myself to your care.

Charles. My conduct!—Vexation! 'Sdeath!—— But then, my dear Harriet, the danger you are in, the necessity——

Enter CHAMBERMAID.

Chamb. O law, ma'am!——Such a terrible accident!——As sure as I am here, there's a press-gang has seized the two gemmin, and is carrying them away, thof so be one an 'em says as how he's a knight and baronight, and that t'other's a 'squire and a housekeeper.

Har. Seized by a press-gang! impossible.

Charles. O, now the design comes out.——But I'll baulk his lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-daisy, ma'am, what can we do? There is master, and John Ostler, and Bootcatcher, all gone a'ter 'em.——There is such an uproar as never was! [*Exit.*

Har. If I thought this was your contrivance, sir, I would never speak to you again.

Charles. I would sooner die than be guilty of it.— This is Lord Trinket's doing, I am sure. I knew he had some scheme in agitation, by a letter I intercepted this morning. [HARRIET *screams.*] Ha! Here he comes. Nay then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my love! I'll protect you.—But now I must desire you to follow my directions.

Enter LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. Now, madam.——Pox on't, he here again! ——Nay, then, [*Drawing.*] come, sir! You're unarmed, I see. Give up the lady: give her up, I say, or I am through you in a twinkling.

[*Going to make a Pass at* CHARLES.

Charles. Keep your distance, my lord! I have arms. [*Producing a Pistol.*] If you come a foot nearer, you have a brace of balls through your lordship's head.

Lord T. How? what's this? pistols!

Charles. At your lordship's service.——Sword and pistol, my lord.——Those, you know, are our weapons. ——If this misses, I have the fellow to it in my pocket.——Don't be frightened, madam. His lordship has removed your friends and relations, but he will take great care of you. Shall I leave you with him?

Har. Cruel Charles! You know I must go with you now.

Charles. A little way from the door, if your lordship pleases. [*Waving his Hand.*

Lord T. Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam ——!

Charles. A little more round, my lord. [*Waving.*

Lord T. But, sir!—Mr. Oakly!

Charles. I have no leisure to talk with your lordship now.——A little more that way, if you please. [*Waving.*]—You know where I live.——If you have any commands for Miss Russet, you will hear of her too at my house.——Nay, keep back, my lord. [*Presenting.*] Your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [*Exit with* HARRIET.

Lord T. [*Looking after them, and pausing for a short Time.*]——I cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, 'pon honour.——So I have been concerting this deep scheme, merely to serve him.——Oh, the devil take such intrigues, and all silly country girls, that can give up a man of quality and figure, for a fellow that nobody knows. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY FREELOVE'S *House*.

Enter LORD TRINKET, LADY FREELOVE, *with a Letter, and* CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

Lord T. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! Plague on't, captain, how could you make such a strange blunder?

O'Cut. I never tought of a blunder. I was to daliver two letters, and if I gave them one apiece, I thought it would do.

Lady F. And so, my lord, the ingenious Captain gave the letter intended for me to young Oakly, and here has brought me a challenge.

Lord T. Ridiculous! Never was any thing so *mal-apropos.*——Did you read the direction, Captain?

O'Cut. Who, me!——Devil burn me, not I. I never rade at all.

Lord T. Sdeath! how provoking! When I had secured the servants, and got all the people out of the way—When every thing was *en train.*

Lady F. Nay, never despair, my lord! I've hit upon a method to set every thing to right again.

Lord T. How? how? my dear Lady Freelove, how?

Lady F. Suppose then your lordship was to go and deliver these country gentlemen from their confinement; make them believe it was a plot of young

Oakly's to carry off my niece; and so make a merit of your own services with the father.

Lord T. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

O'Cut. Has your lordship any occasion for my sarvice in this expedition?

Lord T. O no:——Only release me these people, and then keep out of the way, dear Captain.

O'Cut. With all my heart, 'fait. But you are all wrong:—this will not signify a brass farding. If you would let me alone, I would give him a salt eel, I warrant you.——But upon my credit, there's noting to be done without a little tilting. [*Exit.*

Lord T. But where shall I carry them, when I have delivered them?

Lady F. To Mr. Oakly's, by all means. You may be sure my niece is there.

Lord T. To Mr. Oakly's!——Why, does your ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly in the fire of the enemy——throwing the *dementi* full in their teeth.

Lady F. So much the better. Face your enemies:—nay, you shall outface them too. No, no,——positively, my lord, you must battle it out.

Lord T. Well, I'll go, 'pon honour——and if I could depend on your ladyship as a *corps de reserve*—

Lady F. I'll certainly meet you there. You may depend on me. [*Exit* LORD TRINKET.]—So, here is fine work! this artful little hussy has been too much for us all. Well, what's to be done? Why, when a woman of fashion gets into a scrape, nothing but a fashionable assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. Oakly's, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord Trinket's match; but if I find, that matters have taken another turn, his lordship must excuse me. In that case I'll fairly drop him, seem a perfect stranger to all his intentions, and give my visit an air of congratulation to my niece and any other

husband, which fortune, her wise father, or her ridiculous self has provided for her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

MRS. OAKLY'S *Dressing Room.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. This is worse and worse!——He never held me so much in contempt before.——To go out without speaking to me, or taking the least notice.—I am obliged to the Major for this.——How could he take him out? and how could Mr. Oakly go with him?——

Enter TOILET.

Mrs. Oak. Well, Toilet.

Toil. My master is not come back yet, ma'am.

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your ladyship.

Mrs. Oak. Why don't you know?—You know nothing.—But I warrant you know well enough, if you would tell.—You shall never persuade me but you knew of Mr. Oakly's going out to-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, ma'am, upon my honour, and I protest to your ladyship, I knew nothing in the world of the matter, no more than the child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my master's gentleman, knows—

Mrs. Oak. What does he know?

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the matter.

Mrs. Oak. Where is Paris? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my master's room, ma'am.

Mrs. Oak. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Oak. He is certainly gone after this young flirt.—His confidence and the Major's insolence provoke me beyond expression.

Enter TOILET *and* PARIS.

Where's your master?

Par. *Il est sorti.* He is gone out?

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah, madame, *je n'en scai rien.* I know nothing of it.

Mrs. Oak. Nobody knows any thing. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I dress him—*Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus*—He go where he will—I have no bisness with it.

Mrs. Oak. Yes, you should have told me——that was your business——and if you don't mind your business better, you shan't stay here, I can tell you, sir.

Par. *Voila! quelque chose d'extraordinaire!*

Mrs. Oak. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your shoulders, but go, and inquire——go——and bring me word where he is gone.

Par. I don't know what I am do.——I'll ask John.——

Mrs. Oak. Bid John come to me.

Par. *De tout mon cœur.——Jean! ici! Jean*——speak my ladi. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Oak. Impudent fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where's John? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your hands before you! Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, ma'am, I'll go this minute. — O here, John! my lady wants you.

Enter JOHN.

Mrs. Oak. Where's your master?

John. Gone out, madam.

Mrs. Oak. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the Major's chariot, madam.

Mrs. Oak. Where did they go to?

John. To the Major's, I suppose, madam.

Mrs. Oak. Suppose! Don't you know!

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, madam.

Mrs. Oak. Believe, and suppose!---and don't know, and can't tell!——You are all fools.——Go about your business. [JOHN *going.*] Come here. [*Returns.*] Go to the Major's,—no,—it does not signify—go along —[JOHN *going.*]—Yes, harkye, [*Returns.*] go to the Major's, and see if your master is there.

John. Give your compliments, madam?

Mrs. Oak. My compliments, blockhead! Get along [JOHN *going.*] Come hither. [*Returns.*] Can't you go to the Major's, and bring me word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further notice?

John. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Oak. Well, why don't you go, then? And make haste back.——And, d'ye hear, John.

[JOHN *going, returns.*

John. madam!

Mrs. Oak. Nothing at all—go along—[JOHN *goes.*] How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes me!—Harkye, John!

[JOHN *returns.*

John. Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Send the porter here.

John. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*

Toil. So, she's in a rare humour! I shall have a fine time on't.—[*Aside.*]——Will your ladyship chuse to dress?

Mrs. Oak. Pr'ythee, creature, don't tease me with your fiddle-faddle stuff—I have a thousand things to think of.——Where is the porter? why has not that booby sent him? What is the meaning——

Enter JOHN.

John. Madam, my master is this moment returned, with Major Oakly, and my young master, and the lady that was here yesterday.

Mrs. Oak. Very well. [*Exit* JOHN.] Returned—yes, truly, he is returned—and in a very extraordinary manner. This is setting me at open defiance. But I'll go down, and show them I have too much spirit to endure such usage.—[*Going.*] Or, stay—I'll not go amongst his company—I'll go out——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order the coach; I'll go out. [TOILET *going.*] Toilet, stay,—I'll e'en go down to them——No——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order me a boiled chicken——I'll not go down to dinner——I'll dine in my own room, and sup there——I'll not see his face these three days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room.

Enter OAKLY, MAJOR OAKLY, CHARLES, *and* HARRIET.

Charles. My dear Harriet, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much cause for my uneasiness. Who knows what that vile lord has done with my father?

Oak. Be comforted, madam; we shall soon hear of Mr. Russet, and all will be well, I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, sir; I shall never forgive myself, for having disturbed the peace of such a worthy family.

Maj. Don't mind that, madam: they'll be very good friends again. This is nothing among married people——'Sdeath, here she is!—No,—it's only Mrs, Toilet.

Enter TOILET.

Oak. Well, Toilet, what now? [TOILET *whispers.*] Not well?—Can't come down to dinner?—Wants to see me above?—Harkye, brother, what shall I do?

Maj. If you go, you are undone.

Har. Go, sir, go to Mrs. Oakly——Indeed you had better——

Maj. 'Sdeath, brother, don't budge a foot—This is all fractiousness and ill humour——

Oak. No, I'll not go—Tell her, I have company, and we shall be glad to see her here.

[*Exit* TOILET.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go and watch how she proceeds?

Maj. What d'ye mean? You would not go to her? are you mad?

Oak. By no means go to her—I only want to know how she takes it. I'll lie *perdue*, in my study, and observe her motions.

Maj. I don't like this pitiful ambuscade work—this bush fighting. Why can't you stay here? —Ay ay!—I know how it will be——She'll come bounce in upon you with a torrent of anger and passion, or, if necessary, a whole flood of tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you are mistaken, Major. Now I am convinced I'm in the right, I'll support that right with ten times your steadiness.

Maj. You talk this well, brother.

Oak. I'll do it well, brother.

Maj. If you don't, you are undone.

Oak. Never fear, never fear. [*Exit.*

Maj. Well, Charles.

Charles. I can't bear to see my Harriet so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. Russet. Perhaps I may learn at the inn where his lordship's ruffians have carried him.

Rus. [*Without.*] Here! Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, Sir Harry, come along.

Har. He's here!—My father, I know his voice. Where is Mr. Oakly? O, now, good sir, [*To the* MAJOR.] do but pacify him, and you'll be a friend indeed.

Enter RUSSET, LORD TRINKET, *and* SIR HARRY BEAGLE.

Lord T. There, sir—I told you it was so!

Rus. Ay, ay, it is too plain.——O you provoking slut! Elopement after elopement!—And at last to have your father carried off by violence! to endanger my life! Zounds! I am so angry, I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Charles. I can assure you, sir, that your daughter is entirely——

Rus. You assure me? You are the fellow that has perverted her mind——That has set my own child against me ——

Charles. If you will but hear me, sir—

Rus. I won't hear a word you say. I'll have my daughter——I won't hear a word.

Maj. Nay, Mr. Russet, hear reason. If you will but have patience—

Rus. I'll have no patience, I'll have my daughter, and she shall marry Sir Harry to-night.

Lord T. That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with me, Mr. Russet, 'pon honour. You take no notice of my pretensions, though my rank and family.

Rus. What care I for rank and family. I don't want to make my daughter a rantipole woman of quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, Sir Harry; she shall marry you to-night.

Maj. Only three words, Mr. Russet.——

Rus. Why don't the booby take her?

Sir H. Hold hard! Hold hard! You are all on a wrong scent; Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Harkye, Squire Russet.

Rus. Well? what now?

Sir H. It was proposed, you know, to match me with Miss Harriet——But she can't take kindly to me.——When one has made a bad bet, it is best to hedge off, you know—and so I have e'en swopped her with Lord Trinket here for his brown horse, Nabob.

Rus. Swopped her? Swopped my daughter for a horse! Zounds, sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir H. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure—It won't do—I tell you, it won't do——First of all I knocked up myself and my horses, when they took for London—and now I have been stewed aboard a tender—I have wasted three stone at least——If I could have rid my match it would not have grieved me——And so, as I said before, I have swopped her for Nabob.

Rus. The devil take Nabob, and yourself, and Lord Trinket, and—

Lord T. *Pardon! je vous demande pardon, Monsieur* Russet, 'pon honour.

Rus. Death and the devil! I shall go distracted! My daughter plotting against me—the——

Maj. Come, come, Mr. Russet, I am your man after all. Give me but a moment's hearing, and I'll engage to make peace between you and your daughter, and throw the blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir H. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the saddle on the right horse, my buck!

Rus. Well, sir,—What d'ye say;—Speak——I don't know what to do.

Maj. I'll speak the truth, let who will be offended by it.—I have proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. Russet. From his lordship's behaviour at Lady Freelove's, when my nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he would stick at no measures to carry his point—there's proof presumptive.—But, sir, we can give you proof positive too—proof under his lordship's own hand, that he, likewise, was the contriver of the gross affront that has just been offered you.

Rus. Hey! how?

Lord T. Every syllable romance, 'pon honour.

Maj. Gospel, every word on't.

Charles. This letter will convince you, sir! In consequence of what happened at Lady Freelove's, his lordship thought fit to send me a challenge: but the messenger blundered, and gave me this letter instead of it. [*Giving the Letter.*] I have the case which inclosed it in my pocket.

Lord T. Forgery from beginning to end, 'pon honour.

Maj. Truth upon my honour.—But read, read, Mr. Russet, read, and be convinced.

Rus. Let me see—let me see—[*Reading.*]—Um—um—um—um——so, so!—um—um—um—damnation!—*Wish me success, obedient Slave—Trinket*——Fire and fury! How dare you do this?

Lord T. When you are cool, Mr. Russet, I will explain this matter to you.

Rus. Cool! 'Sdeath and hell!—I'll never be cool again—I'll be revenged—So my Harriet, my dear girl, is innocent at last. Say so, my Harriet; tell me, you are innocent. [*Embracing her.*

Har. I am, indeed, sir, and happy beyond expression, at your being convinced of it.

Rus. I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe you, Harriet!—You was always a good girl.

Maj. So she is, an excellent girl!—Worth a regiment of such lords and baronets—Come, sir, finish every thing handsomely at once.——Come, Charles will have a handsome fortune.

Rus. Marry!—She durst not do it.

Maj. Consider, sir, they have long been fond of each other—old acquaintance—faithful lovers—turtles—and may be very happy.

Rus. Well, well—since things are so——I love my girl.—Harkye, Young Oakly, if you don't make her a good husband, you'll break my heart, you rogue.

Maj. I'll cut his throat if he don't.

Charles. Do not doubt it, sir! my Harriet has reformed me altogether.

Rus. Has she?—Why then—there—Heaven bless you both—there—now there's an end on't.

Sir H. So, my lord, you and I are both distanced—A hollow thing damme.

Lord T. N'importe.

Sir H. [*Aside.*] Now this stake is drawn, my lord may be for hedging off, mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to Jack Speed's, and secure Nabob, and be out of town in an hour. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE.

Lady F. My dear Miss Russet, you'll excuse—

Charles. Mrs. Oakly, at your ladyship's service.

Lady F. Married?

Har. Not yet, madam; but my father has been so good as to give his consent.

Lady F. I protest I am prodigiously glad of it. My dear, I give you joy—and you, Mr. Oakly.—I wish you joy, Mr. Russet, and all the good company—for I think the most of them are parties concerned.

Maj. How easy, impudent, and familiar! [*Aside.*

Lady F. Lord Trinket here too! I vow I did not see your lordship before.

Lord T. Your ladyship's most obedient slave. [*Bowing.*

Lady F. You seem grave, my lord! Come, come, I know there has been some difference between you and Mr. Oakly—You must give me leave to be a mediator in this affair.

Lord T. Here has been a small fracas, to be sure, madam!—We are all blown, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Blown! what do you mean, my lord?

Lord T. Nay, your ladyship knows that I never mind these things, and I know that they never discompose your ladyship—But things have happened a little *en travers*—The little billet I sent your ladyship has fallen into the hands of that gentleman—[*Pointing to* CHARLES.]—and so—there has been a little *brouillerie* about it—that's all.

Lady F. You talk to me, my lord, in a very extraordinary style—If you have been guilty of any misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill conduct can fasten no imputation on me.—Miss Russet will justify me sufficiently.

Maj. Had not your ladyship better appeal to my friend Charles here?—The letter, Charles!——Out with it this instant!

Charles. Yes, I have the credentials of her ladyship's integrity in my pocket.——Mr. Russet, the letter you read a little while ago was inclosed in this cover, which also I now think it my duty to put into your hands.

Rus. [Reading.] *To the Right Honourable Lady*

Freelove——'Sdeath and hell!—and now I recollect, the letter itself was pieced with scraps of French, and madam, and your ladyship—Fire and fury! madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you, then, for the insult that has been offered me!

Lady F. What is all this? Your obligations to me, Mr. Russet, are of a nature, that——

Rus. Fine obligations! I dare say, I am partly obliged to you, too, for the attempt on my daughter by that thing of a lord yonder at your house. Zounds, madam! these are injuries never to be forgiven——They are the grossest affronts to me and my family—All the world shall know them—Zounds!—I'll——

Lady F. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these country gentlemen! Why, really, Mr. Russet, you rave like a man in Bedlam—I am afraid you'll beat me—and then you swear most abominably.——How can you be so vulgar?——I see the meaning of this low malice—But the reputations of women of quality are not so easily impeached—My rank places me above the scandal of little people, and I shall meet such petty insolence with the greatest ease and tranquillity. But you and your simple girl will be the sufferers.——I had some thoughts of introducing her into the first company—But now, madam, I shall neither receive nor return your visits, and will entirely withdraw my protection from the ordinary part of the family. [*Exit.*

Rus. Zounds, what impudence! that's worse than all the rest.

Lord T. Fine presence of mind, faith!—The true French *nonchalance*——But, good folks, why such a deal of rout and *tapage* about nothing at all?——If Mademoiselle Harriet had rather be Mrs. Oakly than Lady Trinket——Why—I wish her joy—that's all.—Mr. Russet, I wish you joy of your son-in-law—Mr. Oakly, I wish you joy of the lady—and you, madam,

[*To* HARRIET.] of the gentleman——And, in short, I wish you all joy of one another, 'pon honour!

[*Exit.*

Rus. There's a fine fellow of a lord now! The devil's in your London folks of the first fashion, as you call them. They will rob you of your estate, debauch your daughter, or lie with your wife—and all as if they were doing you a favour—'pon honour!—

Maj. Hey! what now? [*Bell rings violently.*

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. D'ye hear, Major, d'ye hear?

Maj. Zounds! what a clatter!——She'll pull down all the bells in the house.

Oak. My observations, since I left you, have confirmed my resolution. I see plainly, that her good humour, and her ill humour, her smiles, her tears, and her fits, are all calculated to play upon me.

Maj. Did not I always tell you so? It's the way with them all——they will be rough and smooth, and hot and cold, and all in a breath. Any thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all moods at present, I promise you—There has she been in her chamber, fuming and fretting, and despatching a messenger to me every two minutes—servant after servant—now she insists on my coming to her—now again she writes a note to intreat—then Toilet is sent to let me know that she is ill, absolutely dying—then, the very next minute, she'll never see my face again—she'll go out of the house directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again! now the storm rises!—

Maj. It will soon drive this way then—now, brother, prove yourself a man—You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!—Retreat!—No, no!—I'll preserve the advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Maj. Ay, ay!—keep your ground!—fear nothing

—up with your noble heart! Good discipline makes good soldiers; stick close to my advice, and you may stand buff to a tigress——

Oak. Here she is, by heavens!—now, brother!

Maj. And now, brother!—Now or never!

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. I think, Mr. Oakly, you might have had humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your leave, I suppose, of all tenderness and affection—but I'll be calm—I'll not throw myself into a passion—you want to drive me out of your house——I see what you aim at, and will be aforehand with you—let me keep my temper! I'll send for a chair, and leave the house this instant.

Oak. True, my love: I knew you would not think of dining in your own chamber alone, when I had company below. You shall sit at the head of the table, as you ought, to be sure, as you say, and make my friends welcome.

Mrs. Oak. Excellent raillery! Lookye, Mr. Oakly, I see the meaning of all this affected coolness and indifference.

Oak. My dear, consider where you are——

Mrs. Oak. You would be glad, I find, to get me out of your house, and have all your flirts about you.

Oak. Before all this company! Fie!

Mrs. Oak. But I'll disappoint you, for I shall remain in it, to support my due authority—as for you, Major Oakly——

Maj. Hey-day! What have I done?

Mrs. Oak. I think you might find better employment, than to create divisions between married people——and you, sir——

Oak. Nay, but my dear!——

Mrs. Oak. Might have more sense, as well as tenderness, than to give ear to such idle stuff.

Oak. Lord, lord!

Mrs. Oak. You and your wise counsellor there, I suppose, think to carry all your points with me.—

Oak. Was ever any thing——

Mrs. Oak. But it won't do, sir. You shall find that I will have my own way, and that I will govern my own family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself, by half. Your passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much fury and violence; affronting your best friends, breaking my peace, and disconcerting your own temper. And all for what? For nothing. 'Sdeath, madam! at these years you ought to know better.

Mrs. Oak. At these years!—Very fine!——Am I to be talked to in this manner?

Oak. Talked to!—Why not?——You have talked to me long enough—almost talked me to death—and I have taken it all, in hopes of making you quiet—but all in vain. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you; and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be master of my own house.

Mrs. Oak. So, so!—Master, indeed!——Yes, sir; and you'll take care to have mistresses enough too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed!—And do you think I am such a tame fool, as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, sir, that I will resent this behaviour——You shall find that I have a spirit——

Oak. Of the devil.

Mrs. Oak. Intolerable!—You shall find, then, that I will exert that spirit. I am sure I have need of it. As soon as the house is once cleared again, I'll shut my doors against all company.—You shan't see a single soul for this month.

Oak. 'Sdeath, madam, but I will!—I'll keep open house for a year.——I'll send cards to the whole

town—Mr. Oakly's rout!——All the world will come—and I'll go among the world too—I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. Oak. Provoking insolence! This is not to be endured.——Lookye, Mr. Oakly——

Oak. And lookye, Mrs. Oakly, I will have my own way.

Mrs. Oak. Nay, then, let me tell you, sir——

Oak. And let me tell you, madam, I will not be crossed——I won't be made a fool.

Mrs. Oak. Why, you won't let me speak.

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought. Madam, madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such a monster! I can bear this no longer. [*Bursts into Tears.*] O, you vile man! I can see through your design—you cruel, barbarous, inhuman——such usage to your poor wife!——you'll be the death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. Oak. That it should ever come to this!——To be contradicted—[*Sobbing.*]—insulted—abused—hated——'tis too much—my heart will burst with—oh—oh!——

[*Falls into a Fit.* HARRIET, CHARLES, *&c. run to her Assistance.*

Oak. [*Interposing.*] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly——

Charles. For Heaven's sake, sir, she will be——

Oak. Let her alone—let her alone.

Har. Pray, my dear sir, let us assist her. She may—

Oak. I don't care——Let her alone, I say.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] O, you monster!—you villain!—you base man!——Would you let me die for want of help?—would you——

Oak. Bless me! madam, your fit is very violent—take care of yourself.

Mrs. Oak. Despised, ridiculed—but I'll be revenged—you shall see, sir——

Oak. *Toll-de-rol loll de-rol loll-de-rol loll.* [Singing.

Mrs. Oak. What, am I made a jest of? Exposed to all the world?—If there's law or justice—

Oak. *Tol-de-rol loll-de-rol loll-de-rol loll.* [Singing.

Mrs. Oak. I shall burst with anger.—Have a care, sir; you may repent this. Scorned and made ridiculous!—No power on earth shall hinder my revenge! [*Going.*

Har. [*Interposing.*] Stay, madam.

Mrs. Oak. Let me go. I cannot bear this place.

Har. Let me beseech you, madam.

Maj. Courage, brother! you have done wonders. [*Apart.*

Oak. I think, she'll have no more fits. [*Apart.*

Har. Stay, madam—Pray stay but one moment. I have been a painful witness of your uneasiness, and in great part the innocent occasion of it. Give me leave, then ——

Mrs. Oak. I did not expect, indeed, to have found you here again. But however——

Har. I see the agitation of your mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell you the real truth. I can explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. May be so—I cannot argue with you.

Charles. Pray, madam, hear her——for my sake——for your own—dear madam!

Mrs. Oak. Well—well proceed.

Har. I understand madam, that your first alarm was occasioned by a letter from my father to your nephew.

Rus. I was in a bloody passion, to be sure, madam!——The letter was not over civil, I believe—I did not know but the young rogue had ruined my girl. But it's all over now, and so—

Mrs. Oak. You was here yesterday, sir?

Rus. Yes; I came after Harriet. I thought I

should find my young madam with my young sir, here.

Mrs. Oak. With Charles, did you say, sir?

Rus. Ay, with Charles, madam! The young rogue has been fond of her a long time, and she of him, it seems.

Mrs. Oak. I fear I have been to blame. [*Aside.*

Rus. I ask pardon, madam, for the disturbance I made in your house.

Har. And the abrupt manner, in which I came into it, demands a thousand apologies. But the occasion must be my excuse.

Mrs. Oak. How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*]—But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly——

[*To* HARRIET

Har. Dear madam! you had but a partial hearing of our conversation. It related entirely to this gentleman.

Charles. To put it beyond doubt, madam, Mr. Russet and my guardian have consented to our marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your approbation.

Mrs. Oak. I have no further doubt——I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you——You have taken a load of anguish off my mind—and yet your kind interposition comes too late; Mr. Oakly's love for me is entirely destroyed. [*Weeping.*

Oak. I must go to her—— [*Apart.*

Maj. Not yet!——Not yet! [*Apart.*

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such apprehensions; I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. [*Going to her.*] My affection for you, madam, is as warm as ever. My constrained behaviour has cut me to the soul—For it was all constrained—and it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. Oak. O, Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed my-

self! What low arts has my jealousy induced me to practise! I see my folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you!——This change transports me! ——Brother! Mr. Russet! Charles! Harriet! give me joy!——I am the happiest man in the world.

Maj. Joy, much joy, to you both! though, by the bye, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I would cure all the disorders in your family? I beg pardon, sister, for taking the liberty to prescribe for you. My medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable effect, and so don't be angry with your physician.

Mrs. Oak. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel—

Oak. Nay, my dear, no more of this. All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. Oak. I have not merited this kindness, but it shall hereafter be my study to deserve it. Away with all idle jealousies! And since my suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all.

THE END.